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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

OLD RECOLLECTIONS OF FRANCE.

Recollections of a French Marchioness. 2 vols. 12mo.
London, T. C. Newby.

These are very apt to take up memoirs of this description and appearance, with a strong predilection to expect nothing from them, and not be disappointed. It was, therefore, in the present instance, a sensible addition to our pleasure to find ourselves, within a few pages, engaged with a very entertaining work, and our interest increasing the farther we proceeded with its characteristic contents. These Recollections, extending over an almost superhuman period of time, are curious, caustic, and piquant. They set before our eyes, in a lively style and witty manner, two general pictures of the old and new regime in France; and when they enter into details or personal anecdotes, they rival the most popular productions of the class to which they pertain.

"Renée-Charlotte-Victoire de Froulay de Tessé, Marchioness de Créguy, de Heymont, de Canaples, &c., was one of the most remarkable women of her day; distinguished for the superiority of her character, her originality of mind, and the unaffected charm of her manners."

She lived to be nearly, if not quite, a centenarian; and these pages were written for the instruction of her grandson, who, however, died before her. The extreme length of her career may be estimated from the two following extracts—the first relating to an audience with Louis XIV., and the last to an interview with Napoleon Bonaparte!

1st. "The King arrived very soon afterwards, without any further announcement than the folding doors being thrown open, and the entrance of a gentleman of the household, who, preceding his Majesty by three or four minutes, made a profound obeisance to Madame de Maintenon without speaking, just as they announced dinner to the King and Queen. His Majesty had several steps to take on entering the room, and he appeared to walk with pain; nevertheless, he made a very graceful bow to Madame de Maintenon. 'Here,' she said, 'is a young lady whom I have taken the liberty of detaining, in order that I might present her to the King; it is hardly necessary for me to mention her name.' 'I conclude, then,' replied his Majesty, 'that she owes her presence here to my god-daughter; there is a sort of spiritual parentage between Mademoiselle and myself, but we are also related in another way,' he added; and all this time he was looking at me as though he would say, 'you may think yourself fortunate.' 'I request the King's permission for you to kiss his hand,' said my grandmother, with an air of proud humility, totally free from servility or obsequiousness; and his Majesty extended it as though he offered it for me to kiss—with the palm underneath—instead of which, he immediately closed it on taking hold of mine, and deigned to raise it to his lips."

2d. "Here, on this very day, Septide of the 3d decade of the month Vendémiaire, in the year xi. of the French republic, I add these lines on my return from the Tuileries, where General Bonaparte has kissed my hand. I could not help recollecting that I have received exactly the same politeness from King Louis-le-Grand, and from the First Consul of the republic, with an interval of 95 years between the two circumstances! Bonaparte sent word that he wished to see me, and has since pro-

[Enlarged 16.]

mised that our forests, which were sequestered, shall be restored to us."

Having disposed of these distant epochs, we cannot offer a better specimen of the author than by returning to her description of the sequel to the first.

"Nanon, the important and celebrated Nanon, came and whispered something in her mistress's ear, and thereupon Madame, the widow of Monsieur, the king's brother, made her appearance. Mme. de Maintenon caused an arm-chair to be placed for her (having first risen to salute her), but Madame awaited it on the spot where she stood, looking as cold and cutting as the north-wind, and without making any sort of return for the civility. This princess was dressed up something like an Amazon, in a man's cloth doublet, laced at all the seams; her wig was similar to that of his Majesty, and her hat exactly the same as his, which hat was not taken off, nor even raised whilst she was bowing to us, a ceremony she got through with considerable ease. It is as well to add, that this horrible princess had her feet in boots, and a whip in her hand; she was badly formed, badly set up, and evilly disposed towards every thing and everybody. Madame de Froulay asked the king to allow her to present me to Madame, when she made me a bow à la cavalière, and began questioning me about the health of the grand prior de Froulay, about whom I knew exactly nothing! so that I remained mute, with my mouth open, and Madame maintained to her dying day that I was 'plus bête qu'une carpe!' I must tell you that this mother of the Regent lived on soup à la bière and salt beef; she continually partook of a certain ragout made of fermented cabbage, which she had sent to her from the palatinate, and whenever it was served the whole quarter of the palace which she inhabited was perfectly unbearable from the smell of this noxious vegetable. She called it 'achaseraout,' and as she wished to make every one who dined with her taste it, those who escaped had the best of it. • • •

"It was a few days after my return from Versailles that we heard of the death of the Duc de Berry, for whom we wore mourning the established time, which was more than his wife did."

But we must, in order to afford a tolerable idea of this book, revert to its still earlier pages, and the writer's education in a convent, presenting smart and graphic traits of the high aristocratic manners of the country in those days. She is describing her youthful companions:

"Besides these young ladies, there was a brood of Demoiselles d'Houdetot at the Abbey, who were always dressed in serge of the same kind and colour, and walked in a row, according to their height and age, like the pipes of an organ; but as they were proud creatures, although educated there on charity, and, above all, as they were stupid to a degree, they were rarely admitted into the little court of Madame, consequently I knew little of them. Mademoiselle de Châtelleraut used to call them 'the works of La Mère Gigogne, in seven volumes!' and the Abbess heard that they regularly spent three hours every day in counting each other's freckles!"

"I never could endure in the Normans that spirit of calculation and love of gain which appears to influence their every action. The Normans, to the rest of the French, are exactly what the English are to the rest of Europe. They may say what they please of the advantages of traffic and the benefit of commerce, but in my opinion it comprises

all that is most sordid and despicable. Pillage and destruction from violence and blind ignorance I should prefer a hundred times over, to sacrilege and preservation from motives of trade and mercantile profit. I always told that good M. Turgot that 'Joseph sold by his brethren' was the first instance of a commercial transaction, and a pattern for every one that succeeded it!"

The disposal of the corpse of a suicide is thus recorded:

"According to the sentence pronounced in the Abbatial Court, the body was placed on a sort of hurdle composed of leafless branches, side by side with that of a dead dog. It was then dragged by an ass (the feet of the man being tied to the tail of the animal) to the gibbet belonging to the Abbey, under which the executioner's people buried it with that of the dog."

A very odd character is painted with nice touches:

"Only imagine; at the Chateau de Canaples, regular hours for meals were prohibited; you might take breakfast, luncheon, or refreshment whenever you pleased (provided you did not call it dinner or supper), in a sort of refectory where the sideboard was laid out, sometimes well, sometimes ill, with otter-pasties made at Wrolland, and bear hams from the possessions of M. de Canaples in Canada. He could not endure jack-spits—he called them the invention of tradesmen and financiers, therefore all the meat in his house was roasted after the fashion of the thirteenth century, i.e. by means of a revolving wheel with open spokes, in which was imprisoned a large dog, who struggled in it like a fury, and always ended by going mad. You have no idea of the consumption of dogs that took place in that kitchen. The poor Countess had no one to wait on her but laquais or heiduquus (Hungarian foot soldiers), consequently she was obliged to dress and undress herself. Her husband had dismissed all the women-servants, because he declared that it was ladies' maids who gave the dogs fleas! In short, there was no end to the account Mlle. des Houlières gave of the whims of this man. It was during her stay at Canaples, that the wild beast of Gévaudan, which had been tracked in blood on its road to Marvejols, and vainly pursued for four months, took up its quarters in the old cemetery of Freschin, where it made the most disgusting havoc. M. de Buffon, some time afterwards, came to the conclusion that it was an African hyæna, escaped from a travelling menagerie, which was at Montpellier about that period, but from the description of Mlle. des Houlières, who had seen it, I am convinced it must have been a lynx. This horrible animal at last devoured the two children of your uncle's huntsman, upon which the former determined to watch for it in the cemetery of Freschin, where the creature took refuge every night, gaining entrance by springing over the walls. It is well known that it was this very Count de Canaples who killed it with a spit! He was anxious that Mlle. des Houlières, who was the tenth Muse of her day, should compose him a pastorale on the subject; 'and I also wish,' said he, 'that it should be to the air of

"Mon aimable boscaïère
Que fais-tu dans ces vallons?"

Whereupon Mlle. des Houlières set herself to write the following famous song, consisting of two verses of eight syllables. 'When you have repeated them over and over again to the end of each stanza,' said she merrily, 'you will be just as well pleased, and just as far advanced as though

the lines were properly finished—now listen, mes révérendes mères!

'Elle a tant mangé de monde
La bête du Gévaudan!
Elle a tant mangé de monde
La bête du Gévaudan!
Elle a tant mangé de monde! . . .

And then she recommenced, I know not how many times, always to the same air of *Paimable boscaïère*, and until she chose to end the song."

We add portions of another portrait:

"The elder of my aunts, Marie Thérèse de Froulay, was an arrogant old dowager, proud, exacting, and self-sufficient, to a degree. Although she affected sovereign contempt for the pomp which surrounded us at the Hotel de Breteuil, it did not prevent her from never stirring except in a coach and six, with a yeoman-pricker and four lacqueys in state liveries. The Baron used to say, that the equipage of his sister-in-law was like a pageant on a fête-day; nevertheless, to the 36,000 francs which he had to pay her for dowry and jointure, he regularly added 24,000 as a present from himself. She had seven lady's maids, of whom one or two sat up with her all night, to protect her from ghosts and apparitions: of all the cowards I ever knew, she was certainly the greatest. Nothing would induce her to remain alone in her sister's dressing room, because there was a tiger's skin on the floor, of which she stood in mortal terror. All the said Countess de Breteuil ate for breakfast and dinner was a *panade d'orgeat*, and she never supped at home, consequently she had more money than she knew what to do with; but this was no consolation to her whilst she could not pay her court at Versailles, and so, in the forty-third year of her age, she ended by marrying the old Marquis de la Vieuville, thereby gaining the *entrée*, as he had once been gentleman of the chamber to the late Queen Marie Thérèse. This, she told me, decided her at once; but I fancy the 100,000 *écus* a year of the old Marquis had also their weight in the scale. She was, without exception, the coldest hearted and the vainest woman I ever encountered, without a single idea in her whole head."

"In former times, the requirements of fashion were not a whit less expensive than certain obligations of rank and ceremony. I have heard Mme. de Coulanges say that in Burgundy she had expended more than eight thousand francs in one year alone, to furnish light hair for the Duc de Berry; and every one knew that the regent used to pay one hundred and fifty louis for each of his wigs."

Here is a good *bon mot*:

"Not far from the convent where we lodged was the state prison, which contained only two prisoners, one of whom was the Chevalier d'O., who was there on suspicion of having killed his niece, by stabbing her with a sword. (He was said to be half-mad, but the Prior charitably remarked that 'that was unfair towards the other half!')

A preceding extract shews that the English were not high in the estimation of this high French dame; and the annexed observations point the fact yet more strongly. At St. Michael's Mount:

"The Abbey Church is a fine edifice of the 12th century. The high altar, which is raised above the shrine of St. Paternus, Bishop of Avranches, is entirely covered with massive silver, as well as the tabernacle and steps, which support a fine enamelled figure of the destroying angel. Benvenuto Cellini never produced anything more brilliant, or more poetically fantastic and delicately chiselled than the body of the dragon, which is uncoiled and struggling beneath the feet of the archangel. At the spring of the roof about the choir, you see emblazoned coats of arms, with the names of those Norman gentlemen who fought with William the Conqueror in the years 1066 and 1067. It is easy to prove, that of these ancient families, none now exist in England. They made mysterious mention to us there, of a singular piece of corruption attempted by a Duke of Somerset, with the design of

adding to those names that of Seymour or St. Maur, which he asserted had been the primitive patronymic of his family, and which he wished to see figure amongst the companions of William the Conqueror in order to make good his pretensions. Such a proposal as this was received as it deserved to be, and you may imagine that the expenses incurred by the Seymours in this embassy to St. Michael's Mount were not inconsiderable. None but the grandson of an upstart pedant, such as the preceptor of Edward the Sixth, could imagine that a false inscription could be bought for money from a Catholic clergy, from French gentlemen, in a church, and within the sanctuary of a royal abbey!"

Anecdotes of Fontenelle from an eye-witness, who lived as long as himself, deserve quotation in a literary journal:

"Fontenelle was benevolence and charity itself; he gave away about a quarter of his income every year to the poor of the parish, and I cannot understand how he could ever have been accused of egotism and want of feeling. I have heard him speak of that ridiculous story of the asparagus dressed in oil, but as having happened to some doctor of the Sorbonne, whilst Voltaire, forty or fifty years afterwards, was spiteful enough to republish it, making Fontenelle the hero. 'How can they accuse you of want of feeling, my dear and good Fontenelle?' said my aunt one day. 'Because,' he replied with a smile, 'I am not yet dead!' He held strawberries in high estimation, and had great reliance on their sanatory qualities. He was attacked regularly every year of his life with fever, 'but,' he would exclaim, 'if I can only last till the strawberries come in!' This he was fortunate enough to do ninety-nine times, and he attributed his longevity entirely to the use of strawberries! I could tell you a thousand amusing stories of Fontenelle, but they have been already related, and I shall always endeavour to write only of what you could not read elsewhere. I will merely relate to you one more anecdote, often repeated by Voltaire, and also told by Fontenelle (an authority which has a different kind of weight with me to Voltaire's); La Fontaine was very ill, and had just received the last sacraments; he asked his old friend, Madame Cornuel (of whom Madame de Sevigné speaks), if it would not be quite the proper thing for him to be carried on a truck, in his shirt and barefooted, with a rope round his neck, to the gate of Notre-Dame, where he would be supposed to be making an '*amende honorable*' for all he had written and said! 'Only,' he continued, 'you must find some one to hold up my taper, for I should never have strength to carry it, and I should much like to employ one of those smart lacqueys of our neighbour the Président de Nicolay.' 'Hold your tongue and die quietly, my good man,' was all the answer he got from old Cornuel; 'you have always been a great goose.' 'That is very true,' replied La Fontaine, 'and it is very lucky for me, as I hope that God will take pity on me on that account; mind you tell every one that I sinned from folly and not wickedness—that would sound much better; would it not?' 'I wish you would let me alone, and die in peace!' exclaimed the other. The Chevalier de la Sablière told Fontenelle, that La Fontaine's confessor and all who were present ended by laughing outright, and the last words of the good man were these: 'Je vois bien que je suis devenu plus bête que le bon Dieu n'est saint, et c'est beaucoup dire en vérité!'"

[To be continued.]

L. EUSTACHE UDE AND COOKERY.

The Modern Cook, a Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its branches. By Charles Elmé Franchetelli, Pupil of the celebrated Carême, and late Maître d'Hôtel and Chief Cook to her Majesty the Queen. 8vo, pp. 513. London, Bentley.

YESTERDAY-WEEK was Good Friday, a strict fast-day, and on it died the illustrious Louis Eustache Ude, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, leaving the world for such as Franchetelli to bustle in.

Carême, we know, was great; Kitchener was a humbug (as Pope called him) in gastronomy; Mrs. Glasse has long ceased to be the glass of fashion and the mould of jellies, Italian creams, and blancs and bleus manges; Meg Doda is little better than a singed sheep's-head and harrigles, or a haggis barbarian; but Ude to us was the transcendent and inimitable in cookery, life, literature, and conversation. Alas for Louis Eustache, for his Anphitryon, Lord Sefton, who introduced standings-up suppers; for his dear royal master the Duke of York, deeply deplored by him as a patron, who would "misshim, wherever he had gone to" (not the top of the column); for his conjugal felicity and his pet lap-dog; for his purées, salmis, soufflés, ragouts, compotes, timbales, croustades, casseroles, vol-au-vents, patés, entrées, and entremets of every sort—all are now consigned to Kensal Green, and royalties, church dignitaries, lords and commons, may be fed without distinction by reform cooks, or others, not of the comprehensive and cosmopolitan soul of the ever-to-be-lamented Ude, who has departed. It was one of his favourite theories, that the perfection of the British constitution lay in the appetency of its chief orders for various kinds of cookery. Thus there was one sort for the King and court, another for the bench of Bishops, a third for the peerage, a fourth for the legislature in the lower house, and others for certain degrees of more or less influence in the state. To give a House of Commons entertainment to a mired head he held to be monstrous; and he would as soon have thought of masticating a plain roast leg or shoulder of mutton, as of setting a dish, such as Irish-stew for instance, fit only for the Tail, before a Duke or Earl. We have forgotten the details; but his ideas on this subject were highly constitutional, and favourable to the system of our mixed government.

Eating and drinking are among the great businesses of life.

Suppose an individual capped his grand climacteric, having eaten a moderate share of mutton, say,—not gluttonously nor gourmandly, but fairly and gourmetly: it has been found upon calculation, without the aid of Babbage's unfinished machine, that he would have consumed a flock of three hundred and fifty good fat sheep for his dinners alone, to say nothing of lunches and broiled blade-bones about the witching hour of night. When one contemplates a little baby, and looks forward for thirty years, it is wonderful to perceive this flock of sheep following each other down his throat, as if the first cutlet had been a foremost bell-wether; and then to think that, if we add a reasonable amount of vegetables, and only a single pint of wine daily to wash the wool out of the passage, there would be above thirty tons of solids and liquids deposited in that pulping infant's stomach, now only susceptible of mamma and a tea-spoonful of indescribable softness.

From this statistical view, the vast importance of cooks and cookery may justly be predicated; and we rejoice to hail the very good-looking Mr. (not Signor, for he is an Englishman by birth) Franchetelli among the number of veritable artists. His portrait by Hervieu, and carved by Freeman, presents us with so gentlemanly a beau, that we cannot but wonder how her Majesty came to part with so amiable and handsome a maître d'hôtel and chief cook. A change of ministry appears to us to be nothing in comparison to a change of this description. Could Prince Albert be jealous? or what could have led to such a catastrophe? It has certainly been kept a closer secret than most palace-secrets are. Had Irish potatoes anything to do with it? for there is one dressing of that root called "à la maître d'hôtel." We know not how it is; but this we do know, that we would rather part with a premier any day than quarrel with a genuine cook. Such seemeth our authority as witness the subjoined:

"The palate is as capable and nearly as worthy of education as the eye and the ear. A large pro-

portion of the dishes contained in this work are quite new to the public, not merely as regards their names, but as respects their composition. This will be found to be the case particularly with the soups, dressed fish, removes, entrées, hors-d'œuvres, and dressed vegetables. The second course, moreover, is treated at greater length, and with more care than has hitherto been the case in English cookery-books. A copious and varied collection of bills of fare, adapted to every season of the year, has been added as an essential accompaniment to the work. In connexion with this subject, the author ventures to offer a few suggestions for the consideration of epicures. In the first place, the English custom of dividing a grand dinner into several courses is an error quite at variance with common sense and convenience. It is a needless complication that necessarily leads to useless profusion and much additional trouble. Our neighbours across the Channel—the best authorities in all gastronomic questions—allow of two courses only in the largest dinners. With them, fish and hors-d'œuvres, such as patties, croquettes, &c., form part of the first course, and not a distinct course, as they are considered east of Temple-bar. The French, too, regard the dessert as a mere *déshement* after dinner, intended rather to propitiate than to thwart digestion."

What more can we say? Fifteen hundred *recherché* dishes are prescribed in these pages; and without going among the cheap and nasty, we should imagine that many of them might provoke an appetite under the ribs of death.

Let it never be forgotten, that of all the abominations on the face of the earth, there is nothing so odious as a pseudo-French or foreign dinner ill concocted, ill cooked, ill served. A plain joint is a paradisaical enjoyment, when contrasted with these vile imitations, and often done with cheap materials. The approach towards your left elbow of a vile cold greasy entrée, when the cover is removed, and you can see the nauseous concealment, is a very heart-sickening affliction; and the more so as you have contrived to gulp down two table-spoonfuls of thick, glutinous, peppery soup already, your palate on fire, and your lips so cemented together that it is hardly possible to open them to admit a draught of air or liquid element. How glad you are to observe that there is fortunately one *pièce de résistance* in that ill-ventilated room, where even one of Reid's cold blasts would be welcome, and how you console your hunger with a slice of beef, though half hot and altogether sodden! But a scientifically dressed French dinner in England is indeed a different thing. May all our readers enjoy such a treat often and often; may they try Francatelli, and not find him wanting; may his publishers, printers, and reviewers, learn how to estimate his qualities; and long may it be before, crowned with a garland of Parsley and Glory, he, like our late friend Ude, is gathered to his last remove in Kensal Green!

It is a cookery-book which may truly be called *Supreme*.

CENTO.—POETRY.

Poems. By Camilla Toulmin. Pp. 160. Orr and Co. A SWEET and varied bouquet of poetic thoughts and flowers; but as many of them have already bloomed separately in public, we are induced to illustrate the collection with only two of the new blossoms. They will, however, bear witness to the talent and feeling of the young poetess.

"Alone."

A thousand millions walk the earth,
Whom time and death control:
Alone! and lonely from our birth,
Each one a separate soul!

Yet the great God who made all things,
And "good" he saw they were,
Gave not to man a seraph's wings,
To quit this lower sphere!

(Though sheathed plumes the spirit hath,
In life but half unfurled,
To float him o'er its burning path,
In thought's aerial voyage.)

Not wings to bear us far away,
God gives his creatures here,
But tendrils of the heart which may
Infold each blessing near.

Affections—sympathies divine—
High aspirations wake;
Each seeking with its like to twine,
And joy to give and take.

These are his gifts, that strongest glow
In genius' burning breast,
Which can but half its radiance shew,
Soul-lit at his behest!

Alone!—through childhood's lagging hours,
Which creep until our prime,
Heart-longing, like the folded flowers,
To reach a gladder time.

Alone!—for even then begin
The discipline and wrong,
Which crush the nobler soul within,
And make it of the throng:

Even in just proportion due
As the young heart is warm
To mould to loftier things and true,
It takes the shape of harm.

Torn are the tendrils soft and strong,
That may not cling aright:
Yet how instinctively, for long,
They struggled towards the light!

Alone! we never know how much,
Till we that trial dare,
When care, who heeps with stealthy touch,
Bids us our burden bear,—

A fardel made of many things,
Of sorrows unforeseen,
And hopes whose knell keen memory rings
To shew—that might have been!

Life's errors wreck the little store
Of time which moulds our fate;
And seldom beacons shine before,
But mock us when too late.

Alone!—Alone!—each highest thought
The one least understood;
Till oh, in death—life's battle fought,
We are alone with God!

"The Real and the Ideal."

One of earth, and one of heaven,
They are strangely knit for aye;
Harder are they to be riven
Than man's spirit from the clay.
Twin-born as the human birth,
Yet more strongly intertwined;
Each, believe, is little worth
That the other doth not bind.

Start not, dreamer, at the thought,
Jove's Olympus touched the ground;
And the rose, with odour fraught,
Wins it from the soil around.

'But in poetry and art,
And within the subtle brain,
The Ideal dwells apart,
There in majesty to reign:
Cries he with a lip upcurled,
And he asks with scornful air,
'The statue that enchants the world!
Think'st thou woman is as fair?'

It may be, or it may not;
But at least ye this will own—
Surely it has been your lot
Separate beauties to have known?

Here a lip, and there a finger,
Now a brow or swan-like throat,
That within the mem'ry linger,
And like fairy-visions float.
This, then, is the bright Ideal
Which—oh, never lose the clue—
While it borrows from the Real,
Is itself for ever true!

Cold unto the poet's heart,
Words—that do imprison thought;
Bars—that shew us but a part
Of the glory he has caught.

Yet he knows that human feeling
Is the one exhaustless mine,
Though the gold of his revealing,
Worldling, never can be thine.

Nature in her fairest mood,
Or her sternest, still is real;
Nature, then, by poet woo'd,
Leads him to the true ideal.

Can he think a lofty deed
Which has not been acted o'er?
Oh, a human heart to read,
Is, of all, the deepest lore.

And the real, real world
Is, since first was poet here,
In the bright ideal furled,
As the earth in atmosphere.

'Tis the air the spirit breathes,
If I read the thing aright,
Which all radiant thought enweathes,
Shedding round us spirit-light."

The whole of the little volume is a sweet and pleasing treasury.

Jeffreys; or, the Wife's Vengeance, a Historical Play in Five Acts. By Henry Spicer, Esq., author of "Honesty," "Lost and Won," &c. London, G. W. Nickisson.

PERFORMED at Sadler's Wells, the present last refuge of the legitimate drama, this play, curiously though only as it were collaterally founded on the cruelty of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, displays not a little of true poetic feeling and poetic composition. Of it we may repeat what we said of "Honesty," that it possesses much beauty in language and imagery (of the latter not so much), and exceeds the former in force of passion and other requisites for the stage. The characters of Pomfret and Lady Grace are ably portrayed.

Trout Fishing; or, the River Darent. A rural Poem. By C. Wayth, Esq. Pp. 71. London, Mortimer. It does not follow as a matter of course that the fishing line should be the poetic line, or the rise of a trout the elevation of a poet. Mr. Wayth evidently loves rural scenery and fly-fishing; but the flight of his Muse does not seem calculated to mount much higher or last much longer than the caddis moth, of which (when in the Inn, at the sign of the Red Lion, poetically dubbed

"The mansion where the lord of Afric's plains
In fearful aspect stands, yet mildly reigns")

he thus fondly sings:

"For now the caddis from their larva state,
The river scorn, to soar on wings elate,
Twice six months wrapt within each narrow cell,
In limpid streams secure, these insects dwell,
Till heaven's orb resumes its ardent sway,
And arctic regions blaze in nightless day;
Then from each dusky shroud is seen to spring
A beauteous nymph, upborne on joyous wing.
Off on the bank of some meandering flood,
To mark the transformation have I stood,
When every object on its wave was seen
Reflected from the calm surrounding scene;
Then sudden on its mirror burst to view
Bright wings, like fairy sails of whitest hue;
While they float, but soon their folds convey
The nymph light fluttering to the realms of day;
Yet oft the instant that she spreads her wings
To stay her course the watery tyrant springs;
Or if, perchance, her graceful form should rise,
To skim awhile beneath soft summer skies,
The swallow, stooping from its airy height,
Bears the lone wanderer from his hapless flight.
These dangers past, behold her then aspire
To fields of air—but soon her pinions tire;
Declining fast, her short-lived journey ends,
As on some grassy spot her flight descends.
'Tis then with eager eye the angler views
Her brief descent, and thither quick pursues:
Abruptly seized, soon on his murderous hook
Its dying struggles fret the tranquil brook;
The trout perceives—to grasp the lure he flies,
The barb he feels—and with his captive dies."

Exactly so the bard and the critic,—only we can catch nothing with Mr. Wayth as our bait.

NOVEL-WRITING.

Emilia Wyndham. By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales," &c. 3 vols. Colburn.

THE ability of this author has been acknowledged by novel-readers, and the present publication affords another proof of his power. The characters are well drawn, and one of them at least, viz. Mr. Danby, a rusty special pleader, yet consumed by a violent love-passion, very original. His mother is also a clever portrait; and there is something new in that of the heroine's father, utterly selfish and drivelling. The heroine herself is a piece of perfection, and Susan, the servant maid, another bit of the same kind, in her station. Col. Lenox and his lady are more in the way of real life; and honest Johnny Wilcox and the profligate seducer Duke of C— fill up the leading parts of the drama with proper effect. Perhaps as a whole the story is a little wire-spun; and a few improbabilities in its conduct might be pointed out. For instance, the sheer folly of a man of great sense like Danby, however warped by legal practice, taking his young and elegant wife from her beautiful country-seat, to live in a dingy dark house in Chancery Lane; and the same lady, so finely aware

of all her husband's mental movements, tending to cruel jealousy, crumpling up and burning pretty perfumed billets before his face, instead of handing them to him to read, as there is no valid reason for concealing them nor the business to which they relate.

Still the work is forcible and interesting, and develops feelings and circumstances in an everyday world manner, naturally and consistently. As a sample we will introduce the lawyer:

"This gentleman—though rather an uncouth one he was—practised in some one of those branches of the profession which confine men to their chambers, and never summon them forth to plead in public, or, indeed, to mingle much with men in general. There is, however, in this chamber-practice abundant exercise for the acutest intellect, and a vast experience of the world is acquired, though usually of the worst half of the world. Men who devote their lives to such pursuits become, or are apt to become, singular in their habits, suspicious in their views, unsympathising and cold in their tempers; their intellects are often almost preternaturally excited; though improving in acuteness rather than extension—in clearness rather than in breadth of comprehension. Mr. Danby was a thin, spare man, whose clothes rather hung upon than dressed him; his hair was either rusted or grizzled, it was difficult to say which, but fell in a sort of uncouth disorder over a long and thin face, very pale, and only illuminated by a slow, but bright and piercing eye: his manner was not vulgar, for he was never in the slightest degree occupied with himself; it was uncouth, yet not disagreeable, because it was so perfectly plain, and that of a thoroughly sensible man: the only thing unpleasant about him was the expression of his mouth and his sardonic smile; there was something cynical and suspicious in both, which was displeasing. The gentlemen came up together, and Mr. Wyndham presented Mr. Danby to his wife and daughter, with that sort of air which says, 'this gentleman is highly valued by me; make him welcome.' On their approach, the Colonel had turned aside, and his hands, as usual, in his coat-pockets, had sauntered away by himself. There was nothing he abhorred so much as vulgar associations; and, with the impertinence of his age and profession, he hastily concluded that all men of business were of a sort to be avoided. In the mean time, Mrs. Wyndham addressed Mr. Danby with her usual politeness, and Mr. Wyndham and his daughter talked a little together; and thus, walking all four in a line, they approached the house, where the supper-bell was still ringing, and entered for supper. Mr. Danby's eye had fixed, as the expression is, the young lady when he was presented to her; indeed, she was not at that moment to be disregarded, even by an old, hackneyed lawyer: she looked so charming and handsome, all blooming and animation, with her brown hair about her face, and her gipsy hat hanging upon her arm. And as the gentleman entered the house, he stooped his head, and in a low voice asked the father whether he remembered Miss F. (a celebrated actress) when in the perfection of her attractions? for that he thought his daughter very like her. Some years ago he had once seen Miss F. perform one of her celebrated parts at the theatre, and she had served as his standard of ideal perfection from that time to this."

The father and mother of Emilia offer another specimen:

"We lions are no painters' may be said by women: the best of them are most often not painters. Any vulgar penny-a-liner can draw a Mrs. Caudle, and publish her in a popular journal; and with such success that she shall become a by-word in families, and serve as an additional reason for that rudeness and incivility, that negligent contempt, with which too many Englishmen still think it their prerogative, as men and true-born Britons, to treat their wives. The reverse of the picture is rather pathetic than comical, and therefore far less

interesting to the mass of our population, who seem to care neither for truth, nor sense, nor feeling, so they can but be made to laugh. The tears of a sensitive and tender-hearted creature over the whims, the follies, perhaps the excesses, vices, and extravagances of the being she cannot but love—for all women love their husbands—are easily resolved into pettishness or affectation. It is very much more amusing so to consider it, and certainly not a little agreeable to be able to dispense with all attention to other people's feelings, by being assured that if they feel pain when they are wounded it is their own fault. Mrs. Wyndham's life had been the sacrifice to a short-sighted woman's folly. She had, sensible woman as she was, been captivated by Mr. Wyndham's handsome person, gay and pleasing manners, and intense and passionate devotion to herself. She was very young when she committed the folly of marrying him; that is all we can say in her behalf. She found herself the idol of a day, and, when the short-lived passion was over, there was neither friendship, nor affection, nor confidence, to replace it. Off friendship, such a man as Mr. Wyndham is evidently incapable; that desecrated name belongs only to the attachments of the finer spirits, the rare and excellent among our race. A combination of qualities on both sides is necessary to produce that precious and inestimable sentiment. This was not to be expected. Of affection not many men are capable; they have usually a sort of attachment to the things they live among, the people who fill their house and family; that is, they do not very well like to do without them when they have been accustomed to their presence: but that is all. Take them away, and replace them by something or some person else, and you soon learn to measure the strength of attachment in the ordinary human heart. As for confidence, that is not the attribute of a little mind, especially if tinged with jealousy of a mind more enlarged and noble than itself. It loves to keep its own frivolous plans and ideas a secret, for there seems, indeed, a sort of instinctive dread on the part of folly to come into contact with wisdom. Rely upon it, that the man who loves those higher in the scale of intellect than himself is a hero undisclosed by circumstances. Folly hates wisdom, even the gentlest wisdom. I will not say, however, that Mrs. Wyndham's was always the very gentlest wisdom, for she was of a high and somewhat impatient temper, and most noble spirited and honourable. She really could not stoop to flatter and to coax Mr. Wyndham. She was so much too good for him, that even her fine and generous qualities were actually in her way. Had she but possessed some portion of his own littleness, undoubtedly she would have managed him much better. Her worst anxiety, because it was one of which nothing could disguise the importance, was upon the subject of his affairs. She could bear with his prevarications, she could endure his tediousness, she could manage to get along, as the saying is; but her suspicion that he was every year spending more than his income, the impossibility to obtain the least certainty as to what money he ought to spend, or as to what money he actually did spend, the vexation of seeing him duped by tradesmen with whom he had to do, imposed upon by every pretender who wanted a job, let him be picture-cleaner, landscape-gardener, horse-breaker, furnishing professor, or any other of those innumerable leeches that prey upon facile men of property, was secretly undermining her health and spirits."

The death of this lady is of the most melodramatic cast; but the occupation of her daughter soon after the fatal event, when she meets Mr. Danby at breakfast, is simply described:

"You look very ill indeed," said he; "I never saw any one so much changed in my life. I am afraid you have suffered greatly, you look so very, very ill." "Do I, indeed?" said she, and she could scarcely suppress a slight smile at his simplicity; but even that little smile did her good. "I have indeed had cause—" The servant just then entered,

and she ordered breakfast immediately, and, sitting down at the head of the table, prepared herself to make it for him. He took a chair, and sat down by her. It is astonishing how much good this simple arrangement seemed to do her. There is a tendency to monomania in grief and anxiety, of which such trifling, little, vulgar occupations and distractions afford the best and most wholesome relief. It is by the small but necessary occupations of the day that we are carried living, and with minds undistracted, through such hours of darkness. The very opening of the tea-chest, the preparing the cups, the ordering fresh sugar—these miserable little employments were of service. They are, after all, among the best antidotes against melancholy—these occupations, common as daily bread. His presence too had lifted an insupportable load from her heart. Her dreadful perplexity was at an end. She had the most perfect faith in Mr. Danby's ability, and the most perfect confidence in his kindness—why, she could hardly have told herself, but so it was. And perhaps she could have told her why. She is sitting there making his tea, and, for the first moment since her mother's death, swallowing hers with a feeling of refreshment: she cannot yet eat, but the tea is doing her infinite good. He is drinking the tea she pours out for him, and it is as the nectar of the gods; but, to win heaven, neither could he, at that moment, have eaten a morsel. "I am afraid there is nothing that you like, sir," she said, politely and anxiously; "is there any thing you are in the habit of taking that we can get for you?" "No, thank you, ma'am—pray don't—don't speak of it. One other cup of tea, and then, you will excuse me, but—the sound man of business was now beginning at last to make his voice heard, and to silence that of the man of passion—the sooner you put me into possession of the matters on which, if I understand, you desire my advice, the better. If I comprehended the purport of the letter with which you were pleased to honour me, there is an execution out against your father, and the bailiffs are in the house.—They cannot have taken him into custody?" She shrank a little at the word, and the somewhat harsh tone of voice in which this last was delivered. Mr. Danby, once engaged in business, was himself again; his countenance as hard, his tone as dry, his eye as cold and piercing."

With these brief touches, we recommend *Emilia Wyndham* to readers, as one of the superior class of novels.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.

Histoire des Découvertes Géographiques des Nations Européennes, etc. History of the Geographical Discoveries of European Nations in the different parts of the World; presenting, from the original sources of each Nation, the narrative of Voyages performed by Land and Sea, from the most remote antiquity to the present day, and more especially since the end of the Eighteenth Century; offering a complete View of our actual Knowledge of the Countries and People of Asia, Africa, America, and Oceania; with Maps and a complete Bibliography of Travels. By L. Vivien de St. Martin, General Secretary of the Geographical Society of Paris. Vol. II. 1st and 2d Livraison. Paris, Arthur Bertrand.

CERTAIN learned pundits have recently discovered that the literature of geography is dry and unpopular. The faculty of description must be as deficient in such, as the faculty of discrimination. The physical and moral world is alike obscured by their own imperfect ideas of the perfection of the national mind, and its claims to a high and intellectual standard of literature. Geography, if less adapted than other branches of knowledge for ambitious and superficial displays, is more than most characterised by practical utility. It is less a showy accomplishment than a solid acquirement; it is not so much a thing for occasional exhibition, as a matter of every day's demand and constantly recurring application. It

may be truly said, indeed, that of all departments of secular study, this is at once the most universally and the most uniformly important for the various classes of men who are desirous of employing their lives in practical exertion, or of cultivating their minds by general knowledge. Every real existence is local, and hence every event also of which we have any knowledge has its locality. The relation of place is thus one of the most constant principles of association in every science, and in every mind. A geographical error will, more than any other ignorance, involve a man in ridicule in the intercourse of ordinary life. In fact, in every one of man's active pursuits—the greatest and the most trifling—the knowledge of the earth which he inhabits is power, and the want of it is weakness.

"If there is a literature," says the able and distinguished editor of the History of Geographical Discoveries, "which is most calculated to suit all ages and all conditions of people, to satisfy at once every variety of taste, and to communicate pleasure to minds of every description—it is undoubtedly the perusal of books of travel. What other, indeed, unites to the same extent variety with instruction? What other study, what other literary recreation, brings with it, as this study without fatigue, this recreation without frivolity, a diversity of pictures so eminently qualified to captivate the imagination, and to open to human intelligence an inexhaustible source of noble enjoyments? Not less rich than works of pure fiction in graphic descriptions, striking incidents, unexpected occurrences, and in adventures sometimes laughable, sometimes melancholy; the narratives of travellers and voyagers have often the attraction of romance without its dangerous examples; and further, bringing as they do successively before us all the people and the countries of the earth, with their infinite diversity of aspect and of manners, with their traditions, their customs, their laws, and their monuments of all ages, they also frequently possess the powerful interest and high utility of history, but of history robbed of its austerity and severity of style."

The literature of travels has sprung from the widely diffused principles of restless activity, love of novelty, from the charm that all experience and knowledge in adventure and discovery, and from the insatiable thirst of seeing every thing, studying every thing, and knowing every thing, that is so common to the more civilised nations of mankind.

The most ancient literary monument that a profane antiquity has transmitted to us—the semi-fabulous history of the expedition of the Argonauts—is a narrative of travel; the last great geographical error that was made contributed more than all occasions else to overthrow the last of the great political empires. It is at the present moment a question of doubt (although of little political importance) how far Meares and Vancouver anticipated Gray on the Oregon coast; and not two people out of five will tell you the order of succession of the Hyphasis, the Hydrates, the Acesines, the Hydaspes and the Indus, the five great rivers renowned from so remote an antiquity. One of which has already, and others will probably soon, be tinged with the blood of our brave countrymen, and their dusky yet not less valorous companions in arms.

Facts like these at once attest to the importance of the subject, the interest which ought to attach to it, and the loss sustained by geographical ignorance. In a prospectus of a novel Alphabet of Geography of a most promising kind, published the other day by Captain Mangles, an account was taken from the *Times* of the campaign in the Caucasus, in which, out of twelve names that were especially enumerated, not one was to be found in the *Edinburgh Gazetteer* (six vols.) or *Landmann* (more complete as regards numbers of places). Indeed, as the gallant captain justly remarks, so long as such defective works sell and pay in this country, and so long as the exclusive sale of geographical

works is restricted to a *coterie* of publishers, who have a large stock of imperfect works on hand, we can have no hope of a standard work of geographical reference, to enable us to follow, even at a remote and unsatisfactory distance, the striking events to which our attention, our hearts, and our whole minds and intellect are being daily called. Who has a map or gazetteer in which he can find Moodkee, Ferozshah, Aliwal, or Sobraon, except it be one got up for the nonce, in which these sites are boldly inserted at a guess—distance between Ferozpoor and Loodhiana? The new English island of Labuan, on the coast of Borneo, is not to be found in maps of a year old, still less so in gazetteers of twenty. One or two of the British stations on the coast of China are also generally wanting; and in the prodigious movement that is daily given to the progress of geography, by the zeal and enterprise of individuals, by national commercial activity, and by political necessities, books and men's minds alike are left so far in the background, that their very intellectual existence is sapped to its foundation; battles may be fought, and be immortalised by Tower-guns and paragraphs, without any one knowing where the engagements took place; and other lions (Gholab Singh and his associates) may come down to the conflict with 20,000 men and 300,000 bullocks—from whence, Lahore? no, the gates of the city were closed against them—from the wide-embracing, unsatisfactory region of the mountains!

To turn, however, from these politico-geographical grievances, it is with infinite pleasure that we introduce M. Vivien de Saint Martin's *History of Geographical Discovery* to a British public. This is no superficial work; it is a very great and comprehensive undertaking, as far as we have been able to see, most elaborately and conscientiously worked out. We hope to enter into detailed criticism as the work proceeds; for as yet we have seen only two Parts, which refer to the general geographical history of Asia; but the fearfully defective plan upon which all works on geographical discovery have been hitherto edited, is here superseded by a succinct and interesting narrative. The whole subject is placed in a clear and comprehensive light, the very latest sources of information are laboriously sifted, and the maps promise to be most excellent of their kind. It will indeed be a great work, worthy of the age we live in, and a monument to the industry of its author.

SURNAMES AND FAMILY NAMES.

Suggested by Lower's Historical Essays on English Surnames.

The second edition of Mr. Lower's amusing, and better than amusing, book has now been published some time, and we should have felt still more compunction than the slight elasticity of the editorial conscience has yet inflicted upon us for our tardiness in noticing it, but for the consciousness that it stood in no need of our assistance. On the appearance of the first edition, we quoted largely from it, and afterwards opened our columns to a lengthened correspondence on the subject of the surnames therein treated of, for which Mr. Lower now makes a very handsome acknowledgment. The rapid sale of that edition proved that we had but anticipated the public voice; and we have reason to believe that the subsequent discussion of the cognominal question in our pages was not without interest and information for our readers. Beside his obligations to our correspondents and ourselves, Mr. L. now mentions further aid from other quarters; the happy result being, that he has added considerably to the value of his book,—fifty pages to its bulk, and nothing to its price. An opportunity has thus been given him of now and then amending, omitting, or altering, in conformity with opinions set forth in this journal, and we must bear witness to his candour and modesty in so doing: his and our readers will now have to judge whether these changes might not have been carried still further with advantage. "As," to

quote the advertisement, "the Essays appear in a considerably augmented form, so they afford additional scope for criticism;" our present purpose, therefore, while dipping here and there into the pages before us, chiefly for specimens of the additional matter, and giving, withal, some illustrations of our own, is to be "nothing if not critical."

To begin, then, with the three forms for two syllables still contended for by Mr. Lower, viz. *sur-name*, *sir-name*, and *sire-name*: though far from wishing to revive at the outset a feud which once threatened to deluge our usually peaceful pages with hostile ink, we should, for our own part, be quite satisfied with *sur-name* alone; and venture to think that *sir-name* may (like *sir-loin* for *sur-loin*) be a mere variation in spelling, and *sire-name* an ingenious after-thought thereby suggested. So we will only quote Camden, a great authority with Mr. L., and Junius, and have done. The former says: "The French and we termed them *surnames*, not because they are names of the sire or the father, but because they are *superadded* to Christian names." The latter: "Vulgo, sed non adeo recte, *Sir-name* a Gall. *surnom*, *it. sopra-nome*, *cognomen*, *q. d. super-nomen*, *i. e. nomen additum*." Still we have no objection to the use of *sire-name* as a good handy English substitute for the clumsy Greek *patronymic*, if acknowledged to be a modern compound in no way trenching on the elder and indefeasible rights of *sur-name*. Anyhow, both these and all other rational explanations of this word go to demolish Ducange's notion, that it was so called because at first written "not in a direct line after the Christian name, but above it, between the lines." In the long list of those ignorances of the learned and "follies of the wise," groundless and fanciful etymologies, the French have had no less a share than ourselves.

After noticing the Scotch, Irish,* Norman, &c., *patronymics*, Mr. L. observes, "This seems to have been in nearly all ages, in all countries, the most obvious, and therefore the most customary, way of forming second or surnames." They still predominate in several countries, and are very common in our Celtic provinces, though in England proper far outnumbered by local appellations. The peasants in the greater part of Greece and Russia, for instance, have no other surnames; in the latter country national habit is so strong in their favour, that they are still used by the lower classes in speaking not only of the nobility, who have for some time had family names, but even of the imperial house. "The most singular deviation from the general rule is found among the Arabians, who use their father's name without a fore-name, as *Aven Pace*, *Aven Rois*, the son of Pace, the son of Rois." The Arabic has in this only followed the Hebrew; witness *Bar-Jesus*, *Bar-Timæus*, not to mention the many figurative names of this kind borne singly, as *Ben-jamin*, *Bar-cohab*, &c. "At a much later period (than the 14th century) no surnames were used in Wales beyond *ap*, or son, as *David ap Howell*, *Evan ap Rhys*, *Griffith ap Roger*, *John ap Richard*, now very naturally corrupted into *Powell* (or *Bowell*), *Price* (*Apreece*, *Preece*, *Brice*), *Procter*, and *Pritchard*. To a like origin may be referred *Pumphrey*, *Parry*, *Probert*, *Probyn*, *Pugh*, *Penry*, *Bevan*, *Bithell*, *Barry*, *Benyon*, and *Bowers*." *Bithell* (Bethell?) we doubt; and *Bowers* we almost more than doubt, though there is such a name as *Owers*: it is dangerous to try too many locks with one key. *Benyon* is *ap Einion*, and the rest need no explanation. The following lines, slightly altered from a song sometimes heard in the nursery, might serve as mnemonics for these Welsh *sire-names*:

As I went to Ratley's fair,
There I met with a jolly beggar—

* Mr. L. tells us the Irish *O'* signifies *grandson*; as does also *-of* or *-of* affixed to Russian names—Ivan-of grandson of Ivan: words so formed may, we suppose, be termed *papponymics* or *grand-sire-names*.

† So the oral tradition, which some critics contend is a mere corruption of *Ratcliff*: let more skillful commentators decide; there are places of each name.

Jolly beggare, and his name was Owen,
And his son's name was Owen ap Owen;
There was Owen, and Owen ap Owen,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratley fair,
There I met with a jolly beggare—
Jolly beggare, and his name was Hugh,
And his son's name was Hugh ap Hugh;
So there was Owen, and Owen ap Owen,
And there was Hugh, and Hugh ap Hugh.

But we need not give our readers the whole of this Cambrian catalogus, which they can easily fill up, if so disposed, for the benefit of their juniors. To the account of English patronymics the present edition subjoins: "The use of the word *son* adjoined to the father's name as a surname is by no means peculiar to this country. Many Swedish and Icelandic names end in *-son*, as *Torsten-son*, *Afved-son*, *Thorlak-son*, *Sturles-son*; Danish in *-sen*, as *Henningsen*, *Cristensen*, *Einarsen*; Dutch in *-sen*, as *Petersen*, *Jansen*, *Hendriksen*." In Germany, it may be added, patronymics are not numerous; the few in *-sohn* are Jewish, as *Mendelssohn*, *Jacobsohn*; as are some of those formed from Latin genitives, as *Michaelis*, *Matthiä*, *Nicolai* (whence *Nicolay*), *Zachariä*, &c.: these latter date from the time when all legal and learned transactions were carried on in Latin. The very common Welsh names *Williams*, *Hughes*, *Jones* (*Johnes*), *Evans*, and the like, stand for William's son, Hugh's son, and so on: their extreme frequency often sorely puzzles a Saxon stranger, and must be found inconvenient by themselves. Mr. Lower hardly fully accounts for the fewness of surnames in Wales, and especially of true Cymric names, of which barely a score can, we think, be reckoned. In this, and their lack particularly of names derived from places, the Welsh differ widely from their Celtic first-cousins in Cornwall, who, we are here told, have more than a due proportion of them: some of the Cornish names beginning with "Tre," *Ros*, *Pol*, *Lan*, *Caer*, and *Pen*," all which the Welsh might have had too, are among the finest in England. Scotland and Ireland too have very few place-names, but *sire-names* in abundance: many so-called *Scotch* surnames of various kinds are, like their Lowland dialect, mere old English forms, as *Strang*, *Lang*, &c. Both these countries have fewer surnames in proportion than England, though they are far better off for them than Wales: in general, as civilisation advances and pervades a people, clanship disappears, classes become intermixed by marriage, foreign names become naturalised, and from these and other causes the number of family names constantly increases.

In opposition to the generally received opinion that hereditary surnames were unknown in this country before the Conquest, and that the aristocracy took them before the commonalty, Mr. Lower (seemingly, however, elsewhere to concede both points) brings forward a document, on which he lays great stress, as a sufficient, indeed his chief, argument: this is a grant wherein Thorold of Buckenhole (A.D. 1051, fifteen years before the Conquest) gives certain lands, &c., to, among others, *Gunter Liniet*, *Oaty Grinkelson*, *Turstan Dubbe*, *Besi Tuk*, *Elmer de Pincebeck*, and *Gouse Gamelson*. These, he thinks, "have the appearance of settled surnames; indeed, some are yet remaining among us, now spelt *Dubb*, *Tuck*, *Linney*, and *Pinchbeck*—a fact which, we think, goes far to prove that they were hereditary at the time the deed of gift was made. . . . Here we see that the bondmen or churls of the Lincolnshire sheriff used them at a period when many of the landed proprietors had no other designation than a Christian name." Now surely Mr. L. has yet to prove that any of these were hereditary appellations: there being at this day such surnames as *Dubb*, *Tuck*, and *Linney*, is certainly not enough; for the same argument, supposing these names identical with the *Dubbe*, *Tuk*, and *Linnet* aforesaid, would go to prove *Osmond*, *Ingram*, *Sebright*, and the like,

* The Bretons also have many family names thus formed, as *Tréhouart*, *Lan-juinain*, *Ker-saint*, *Ker-porlay*, &c.

to have been hereditary ever since the Anglo-Saxon times. *De Pincebeck* is at once put out of court, being clearly derived from the place in Lincolnshire now called *Pinchbeck*.* Why the two patronymics *Grinkel-son* and *Gamel-son* should be set down as hereditary, it is not easy to see: in favour of others of the same kind Mr. L. can say nothing stronger than that he "sees no valid reason why such names as *Herding-son*, &c., were not hereditary as well as our *Thompson* and *Williamson*," and we think their class by no means likely to have become so at any early stage of the settling process. The three others we take to be nothing more nor less than mere personal nicknames, which are known to have been very common among the Anglo-Saxons. On the whole, nothing here brought forward shakes our faith in the prevailing notion that true hereditary or family names were unknown in England before 1066—not, indeed, having become at all general till very long after that time; and that here, as in other countries, they took their rise first at the very top of the social tree, and slowly and gradually worked their way downward. In England this process took up several centuries, and even yet some classes in certain districts have no fixed family names (*Essays*, p. 48); while in several European countries it is still further from being completed—nay, as we shall presently see, in some hardly yet begun.

With regard to the period when surnames were introduced and became general in certain parts of Europe, which Mr. L. is, we think, inclined in general to antedate, the following facts, partly supplied us by M. Salverte,† may be stated. In Sweden, the nobles did not assume them till late in the sixteenth century—Mr. L. says "not before the beginning of the fourteenth"—and the lower orders not, of course, till some time after. Lapland is said to have had them much earlier. The country people in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, have as yet but few; the Slavonian populations of Eastern Europe none, in general, but patronymics. In Esthonia, the serfs, on their emancipation a few years ago, received them at their own request from the nobles. In 1584 many noble Russian families had them not; nor was it till 1681, or soon after, that all took them. In Germany, none but the highest families had true surnames before the twelfth century; about that time the rest of the nobility, and in the fourteenth and fifteenth the bulk of the people, began to assume them. The Azorean poor have but very few now, and in Elba they were all but unknown not many years ago.

The only wonder is, that family names were not introduced, or rather revived, as we know the Romans had an accurate distinctive system of proper nomenclature, much earlier; for we cannot think with our author that there can ever have been in the Anglo-Saxon, or any other moderately civilised times, a "sufficient variety" of single names to obviate the need for them; nay, we find the Anglo-Saxons themselves, and all people in the like case, driven to use the place of birth or dwelling, the trade or office, or any kind of nickname, in order to distinguish persons bearing one common name. As it is, many serious historical mistakes and difficulties have arisen from the same name being borne by different persons in the same or different ages.‡ Indeed, in an advanced state of civilisation,

two names are not enough even in countries where the greatest variety of surnames is found; and M. Salverte's faith in "binary combinations," which he seems to think inexhaustible, would be shaken, not only by the "thirty-six John Joneses in the Monmouth and Brecon militia" (*Essays*, p. 33), but by the *George*, *John*, *Thomas*, or *William Smith* or *Brown* in a London Directory; or, we venture to think, by any of the common nominal dualities in one for Paris or any other large city. Really, several of these most populous surnames need either to be coupled with some such noticeable Christian name, as *Artaxerxes*, or *Ebenezer*, or *Eusebius*, or *Junius*, or *Magnus*, or *Oscar*, or with a second *fore-* or *after-name*. Well says Mr. Lower: "Smith, without some unusual Christian name, is scarcely sufficient to distinguish a person; as to *John Smith*, it is, as a friend of mine often observes, *no name at all*. What, then, shall we say of the countryman who directed a letter 'For Mr. John Smith, at London. With Speed?' Why, that had he wished to communicate with the worthy publisher of these *Essays*, and addressed his letter, 'Mr. John Russell Smith, at London,' though it might not have been delivered 'with speed,' it would have run no risk of falling into wrong hands, but would, in all likelihood, have safely reached Old Compton Street in course of time.

On the origin of the Anglo-Saxon names ending in *-wulf* or *-ulf* (whence *-ulph*, *-olph*, mediævally *-alphus*, *-olphus*), we cannot agree with Mr. L. or with Burke's *Peerage*, to which he refers. He says England was much infested with *wolves*, and large rewards were given to such as were able, by force or stratagem, to subdue them. To kill a wolf was to destroy a dangerous enemy, and to confer a benefit on society. Hence several Saxon proper names ending in *ulph* and *wulf*, as *Biddulph* the wolf-killer, or more properly, "wolf-compeller," and some others; and in a note, "The Saxon termination *ulph* more usually means *help*, *defence*; as *Athel-ulph* or *-wulf*, 'noble help'; *Arnulph*, 'defence of honour'; &c. Now this word, common both as a prefix and an affix to proper names in the Gothic languages, undoubtedly means *wolf* and nothing else, Lye's notion of its connexion with *help* having no foundation whatever. As surely we believe, when a termination at least, it implied that he who bore it was a wolf himself, and not a wolf-killer or compeller, such names having been originally given for exploits in war, not in hunting, though afterwards often bestowed on men of peace. Thus A.-S. *Beado-wulf*, whence *Biddulph*, *Botolph*, is "war-wolf"; *Ethel-wulf* "noble wolf," and the like. For interpretations of the A.-S. names which follow, better authorities should have been sought than Camden and Verstegan, and whoever else renders "*Botolph help-ship*," Edmund *truth-mouth*, a *speaker of truth*, *Hengist* (*Hengest* it should be) *horse*, and, by a figure of speech, *horse-man* (!), *Leofwin*, *win-love*," and so on: we had hoped such Anglo-Saxon as this was gone out of fashion. We think too that no A.-S. names should be called "*fore-names*;" many have since become *fore-* (or Christian) names or sur-names, or both, but then they were names, and nothing more: of course to call *Menric* and *Caradoc* (*Caractacus*)—whence *Meyrick* and *Cradoch*—"Welsh Christian names," is equally objectionable.

[To be continued.]

THE PEOPLE.

The People. By J. Michelet. Translated, with the Author's especial approbation, by C. Cocks, B.L., Translator of "Priests, Women, and Families," &c. Pp. 267. Longmans. Cheap Edition of the same. Pp. 164. Idem. We had noted this work for review, when we were struck by an animated criticism in the *Times* newspaper (prompt during the parliamentary recess), which not only anticipated us, but forestalled our

of Tartary! The "*Dog of Venus*" is but a mistake the other way.

* *Beek* (back, bach, beach), stream (Anglo-Saxon *beec*, Flemish *beek*, German *bach*), forms part of several local and family names, as *Birk-beek*, *Trout-beek*, *Great-bach*, *Hol-beek*.

† *Essai historique et philosophique sur les Noms d'Hommes, de Peuples, et de Lieux, etc.* "a very learned and interesting work; entering, however, but little into the formation of modern surnames."

‡ We must quote a ludicrous blunder, though not from the same cause, recorded by M. Salverte, as having sprung from the adoption of the singular surname "*Canis*" or *Dog*, by the ruling family of Della Scala at Verona in the thirteenth century. Two of these princes, doubtless "big dogs" in their day, having earned the title of "*Gran Can*" (great dog), subsequent historians have spoken of the "*Great Can*" of Verona, as they might of the Great Khan

ideas, and, as we fancied, absolutely stole these notes and our very words. *Percant* (we shouted) *quæ ante nos tra dixerunt!*—we, not the *Times*, are out of joint.

To us it appeared that M. Michelet had accomplished what nobody else could, and had written himself down. His "Priests," &c., obtained a great and well-deserved popularity; but here the *Egoist* and *Nationalist* are carried to so absurd an extent as to neutralise, if not to subvert, any right principle that could be recognised by sensible men out of France. And the style is very much trashy Chateaubriand. By a strange concatenation of intellect, he makes out that war is the maker of peace, and that Frenchmen, loving war, are destined to be the regenerators of the earth, from Algeria to Tahiti. And the name of God is used and invoked most indecently throughout. The whole is either gross prostitution of talent, or a melancholy example of bewildered genius.

The rigmarole of Young France is spouted with oracular solemnity. If people can understand it, it is not the nonsense we take it for.

"First of all, the country, as a dogma and a principle. Next, the country, as a legend: our two redemptions, by the holy Maid of Orleans and by the Revolution; the enthusiasm of '92; the miracle of the young flag; our young generals admired and mourned by the enemy; the purity of Marceau; the magnanimity of Hoche; the glory of Arcole and Austerlitz; Cæsar and the second Cæsar, in whom our greatest kings re-appeared still greater. Farther back still, the glory of our sovereign assemblies; the pacific and truly humane genius of '89, when France offered so heartily to all peace and liberty. Lastly, above all, as a last lesson, the immense faculty of devotedness and sacrifice displayed by our fathers, and how France has so often given her life for the world."

Here be facts, as Master Froth would have it, with his threepennyworth of prunes—nothing of the reign of terror, the fusillades, and noyades, through which France took life enough, a lesson for the world to hate and avoid. Bah! Well may such an apostle tell us that "an age of warfare is coming on." Were his doctrines followed, we should have it begun soon enough; and then his country, his native country, would alone save the world, and his precepts and example, after oceans of blood, be laid by the universal empire of conquering France "on the altar of universal friendship."

The Punjab, &c. Pp. 183. Smith, Elder, and Co. A SECOND edition of Lieut.-Col. Steinbach's seasonable account of the country of the Sikhs,* including a narrative of the recent campaign which has conferred such an outlandish title on Baron Gough. We have only to state from our own information (in addition to that supplied by the author) that the district or province taken possession of by Lord Harding between the Sutlej and Lahore is the most fruitful and productive territory in all the Punjab. *Scenes in the Life of a Soldier of Fortune.* By a Member of the Imperial Guard. Pp. 204. Smith, Elder, and Co.

REJECTED by the magazines, we should hardly have thought this story worth printing in any form. It is now, however, made into a book from the *Worcestershire Chronicle*. The most interesting novelty we can find in it, is that the author lost his toe in the Russian invasion.

Pericles; a Tale of Athens in the 83d Olympiad. By the Author of "A Brief Sketch of Greek Philosophy." 2 vols. Longmans.

ONE of the most difficult tasks of inventive literature is to take the personages of a distant age

* The pronunciation of this name is so various that innumerable puns, in all tones, have been perpetrated upon it. Here is one from a correspondent:—"Tremendous odds!! In the recent affairs of the *Pun Job* every soldier in the British army was opposed to *Sikhs*;" and a sucking punster observes that it was strictly true, for the enemy were *Siks* and the English *non*.

and country,—though equally human with all mankind, yet so peculiarly subdivided and set apart by customs, manners, worship, laws, government, as to be extremely different,—and clothe them with feelings, sinews, blood and life, so as to excite a common interest in modern minds and in other climes. Thus have we had all nations and periods dressed up for our recreation, many of them with great skill and learning; and yet, we suspect, very few of them so successful in attracting attention as any indifferent story of a contemporary or next-door neighbour. In the present case we have a stirring picture of the time of Pericles, and of the events which then agitated Athens; together with glimpses at its domestic and social condition, and fairly gleaned accounts of its theatres, temples, religious ceremonies, legislation, criminal jurisprudence, and other publicities. It is well constructed and well written; and if the classic and historian do not need to consult it for information, its pages are well calculated to give less instructed and younger readers a tolerable notion of the Athenians in the 83d Olympiad.

The Captive Maiden; a Tale of the Third Century. Pp. 221. London, T. B. Sharpe.

ANOTHER ancient tale of Ephesus, setting forth the struggle between Pagan and Christian. Our foregoing remarks apply to this.

Lives of the Kings of England. By Thomas Roscoe. Vol. I. Pp. 415. Colburn.

SOMETHING after the manner of Miss Strickland's Queens of England, Mr. Roscoe has assumed the pen to give the public separate memoirs of the Kings, from the Norman Conquest to the present day. The first volume is dedicated to the Conqueror, with the importance of whose character and mission the writer appears to be fully impressed, and the particulars of whose career he has taken pains to investigate, so as to set them forth here in due literary order.

The Physiology of Evening-Parties. By Albert Smith. Illustrations by Leech. Bentley.

A NEW edition of this clever and lively satire, with additions and corrections. The smartly drawn characters and the descriptions of manners, both in author and artist, display a nice sense of the ludicrous, and no slight observation of every-day life, manners, and conversation.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HOUSES OF OCCUPATION.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

April 16, 1846.

SIR,—The repose from politics during the recess, I hope, will permit me to report progress in the task I have undertaken, which, considered in a social or political point of view, is of vast importance to society, which is bound to protect itself, and by prevention, diminish the number of criminals. From my humble efforts to arouse the public mind, I have the flattering results of a committee being formed to impress upon the legislature the necessity of a remedy, consisting of

The Bishop of London	R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P.
The Bishop of Norwich	The Lord Mayor
The Bishop of Oxford	Earl of Denbigh
The Bishop of Peterborough	Lord Kinnaird
The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol	Lord F. Egerton
	Lord John Manners
	Lord Robt. Grosvenor;

and a numerous body of influential gentlemen who take great interest in the matter; and it is gratifying to find that the committee's request has been responded to, by nearly all the corporations in England and Wales, heartily approving of the object, and sending and preparing petitions to both Houses of Parliament; thus shewing the wishes of the people on the subject. I have also further to state, that I have submitted the necessity of a remedy to her Majesty, who takes much interest in these poor outcasts, and who will not permit the demoralising system to continue to exist.

The Duke of Cambridge has kindly promised to

support the measure in the House of Lords. It can scarcely be imagined that, at this period of time, society should have made no adequate attempts to reclaim so large a section of our fellow-creatures; and when it is considered that nearly 30,000 individuals are annually cast out of prison, at the expiration of their sentence, to prey upon the public, and of necessity causing a frightful annual expenditure, and no means adopted to avert such evils, it is a double reproach upon us as a nation.

Many antiquated notions have to be combated—many inveterate prejudices are to be overcome. All agree that *something must be done*, but that they see difficulties. Why, where is the system that does not present obstacles? I well remember that it was considered ridiculous to attempt lighting London with coal: cross the Atlantic, or traverse the kingdom, by steam was madness; the emancipation of the slave population was considered a chimera: yet all these, with many others, have been successfully accomplished, and shew what may be done by co-operation and perseverance.

We have the fact of an institution of the kind required having been established in France in 1840 with perfect success, begun by a benevolent individual, Count Leon d'Ourches, succoured by the king and royal family and the public purse. It not only imparts education, but has annexed a considerable extent of waste land, which is cultivated by "the colonists." Workshops are established; trades are taught. The form of discipline is "persuasive, not coercive;" the result is, that out of every hundred *free only have been afterwards re-convicted*. This speaks volumes. A similar establishment in Holland works well. Manchester can demonstrate what may be done; and the employment in such houses of occupation in providing their own food and clothing, the cultivation of surrounding waste land, voluntary emigration,—all point out a complete remedy, and will well repay government for the outlay.

I am thus pursuing the course pointed out, having been responded to by the wise and good of the land; and with so powerful a demonstration from the various corporations, sanctioned by royalty, and aided by a powerful press, to which the cause of humanity is much indebted, something beneficial must and will be achieved.—I am, &c.

JOHN LAURIE, Sheriff.

1 Hyde Park Place.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

April 8th.—Mr. Cooke in the chair. The first communication was by Dr. Green, "On a new portable stand for telescopes, with an equatorial movement, but without a polar axis." The true principle upon which every stand ought to be constructed, according to Dr. Green, is to have the heaviest end of the telescope supported on a solid foundation, and the moving power placed as far as possible from the centre of motion. To this end is the improved stand constructed, and as a triangular support is found to be the most steady, it has been adopted in this case, and pervades almost every part of the new arrangement.—The second communication was on a process for the preservation of animal and vegetable substances, with their forms and colours unimpaired, by Le Docteur Jacques Silvestri, of Naples, already noticed in *Lit. Gazette*. Specimens of a new process of dulling the surface of electrotypes, by Mr. Colchester, and of a new method of bronzing, by Mr. Loop, were also exhibited.

April 15th.—Mr. T. Webster, vice-president, in the chair. The first communication was on Mr. Rand's inventions for the manufacture of flexible metal vessels for preserving paint and other matters, by W. Carpmal. After many experiments, Mr. Rand succeeded in forming metallic vessels of so thin a body, that they are capable of being collapsed, so as to shut out all

air. The tubes are made of block-tin, the 150th part of an inch in thickness, and have at their upper end a nozzle and screw-cap, and are closed at the bottom by being folded over once or twice with a pair of pincers, so as to exclude all air. As the colour or other matter which they contain is pressed out, the tubes are collapsed; and thus the upper part of the tube always remains full. Each tube has to go through the following process of manufacture. A small piece of block-tin is put into a die, upon which a punch worked by a fly-press descends, and forces the metal up of the required thickness, between the surfaces of the die and punch; thus by a single blow the body of the tube is formed. It is then removed to a second press, by which the screw on the neck of the tube is formed; and by a second blow on the same press, the maker's name is stamped upon it. The cap is formed in a similar manner by a third machine. The tube when struck is placed in a lathe, and cut the required length. Thus a perfectly airtight bottle is formed, without seam, in a few seconds. Mr. Wright exhibited a number of the tubes, which were beautifully ornamented, some of them being covered with richly-embossed velvet, and other materials, and filled with choice perfumes; and he presented one of the bottles to every lady present. He also stated that he had exported to various parts of the world essence of anchovies, prepared mustard, cold creams, volatile chemical preparations; it is also intended to export and import butter, preserved meats, and other substances, in cases of this description.

The second communication was by Mr. Banks, "On the cotton produced in Honduras and Yucatan, and the practicability of introducing free-labour cotton from Africa and other countries into the British market." The objects of Mr. Banks' communication were to point out the importance of our cotton manufactures, the successful competition of white and grey fabrics with those of Britain in foreign markets, the great production of raw materials by slave-labour in the States, the general inferiority of the cotton imported from India, the practicability of obtaining larger supplies by free labour from other quarters within our reach, the improvement of the staple, and consequently of the fabric, and the opening of a new market with Africa, and elsewhere. In consequence of the length of the first communication, there was not sufficient time to read the whole of the paper; it is therefore to be resumed at the next meeting.

DAQUERREOTYPE PORTRAITURE.

By invitation from Mr. Beard, we visited his establishment in the City, on Thursday, to inspect improvements in daguerreotype portraiture. We confess to a strong bias, despite the metallic hue, in favour of the genuine photograph; but ours is not the taste of the million, and so the demand for a more natural resemblance than the "horrid leaden tint" must be met. This has been attempted by surface-painting, hitherto with very questionable success; the present mode, however, adopted by Mr. Beard, is in this respect a decided step in advance. Flesh-tints are still painted in with the brush, but the colours are chemically so prepared that they appear to combine with the mercury; and thus blended, a more harmonious result is produced; magnifying powers, too, increase the effect, and assist the approach to nature.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

The commotion in the breast of this Ancient Body is, we observe, by no means assuaged; but on the contrary seems to burn the more fiercely in consequence of its confirmed dryness. The grand muster of force from east, west, north, and south, and the consequent election of Mr. Vaux, has but stimulated farther resistance to what is considered, by a large section, to be undue dictation on the part of a few of the governing or influential

members. Thus we learn, and indeed see by advertisement, that the *House-list* of Officers and Council proposed for election on St. George's Day is to meet with a modified opposition and counter list. The reason assigned for this is, that the former is partial, and almost entirely confined to a clique banded together for other concerns than the true interests of the Royal Society of Antiquaries. In support of this opinion, the following comparison has been issued, with the numbers attached to the names to denote the amount of communications furnished to the *Archæologia*, or *Transactions* of the Society, during the last thirty years, *i. e.* from the publication of vol. xvi. to part i. of vol. xxxi.*

House-List.	Counter List [called Conservative].
3 Viset. Mahon, President	The same
18 T. Amyot, Treasurer	The same
4 N. Carlisle, Secretary	The same
49 Sir H. Ellis, Secretary	The same
5 Albert Way, Director	3 Capt. Smyth, R.N.
3 J. P. Collier	The same
Henry Hallam	The same
2 W. R. Hamilton	The same
Robert Lemon	The same
4 Thomas Stapleton	2 Earl of Aberdeen†
Sir R. Westmacott	8 Hudson Gurney‡
1 Lord Braybrooke	4 J. Y. Akerman
George Bowyer	2 Sir W. Betham
Rev. Dr. Bliss	4 Lord A. Conyngham
9 S. Birch	The same
Sir R. H. Inglis	The same
John Barrow	5 Thomas Wright
Peter Levesque	14 A. J. Kempe
Marquess of Northampton, P.R.S.	3 Rev. Jos. Hunter
William Salt	3 T. J. Pettigrew
Sir C. G. Young	21 C. Roach Smith

It must be confessed that, looking on the past works as above indicated, there is a fearful balance in favour of parties excluded from the House-list, whilst the re-election of others every second or third year, who have contributed nothing to the Society, is not easily accounted for, however eminent and distinguished the individuals may be in other respects. If it be a rule to keep the most effective workers out of the government, the last eleven names will illustrate that principle, there being on one hand (including Mr. Birch, nine) ten contributions of papers, and on the other seventy-three! Jealousy and dislike to prominent members of the British Archæological Association (unhandsomely excluding its noble President) marks the House-list selection in a very striking manner; whilst the leaning to the members of the Archæological Institute (13 out of 21) is no less paramount. Now unless the *Royal Society of Antiquaries* is prepared to abdicate its functions, and to merge itself into the tool of a recently formed split from another antiquarian establishment, it must be considered that this is a false position and unfair proceeding. Who are the most diligent and successful antiquaries, and not who belongs to this or that Association, is the question when offices or honours are to be conferred. *Palmas qui meruit ferat*. We cannot but regret more and more to see the misunderstanding in another quarter carried with spiteful personal feelings into an old and venerated National Society; excluding those who have the highest and justest claims to consideration, in favour of persons who are expected to support the system of an *imperium in imperio*. We stated our opinion of Lord Mahon last week, and we think we may rely on him, as well as on other independent members on the House-list, not to be misled by inimical and underhand intrigue into the commission of acts of favouritism and partisanship, however glossed or misrepresented to them by any of their fellow Socii.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

April 15th.—Public meeting. Sir William Betham in the chair. The names of new associates and correspondents, and a list of presents to the Asso-

* It is of course to be understood that those to whose names no figure is attached have never contributed at all.
† As a compliment due to a President resigned, and almost an invariable custom.
‡ The same to a retiring Vice-President.

ciation, were read. Mr. T. Bateman exhibited a very delicately formed Roman fibula, found at Moneyash, in Derbyshire, and a curious arrow-head found in a barrow at Middleton, in the same county. Mr. Williams exhibited a reliquary of rather late workmanship. Mr. E. B. Price exhibited a drawing of an elegant font or piscina built into the wall of the south porch of All-Saints church, Hastings. The date and object of this strange act of Vandalism are alike unknown.

Mr. Roach Smith then read a paper on the Roman antiquities of Colchester, the Roman wall of which town could, he said, be distinctly traced in nearly its whole circuit of about two miles. He particularly called attention to the remains of the western gateway of the Roman town, and described a Roman room adjacent to it, which he had first discovered about three years ago, and which was the most perfect and beautiful specimen of Roman masonry he had ever seen. The room is in the form of a quadrant, and is conjectured to have been a guard-room. Mr. Smith then drew a comparison between the bricks and mortar used in the remains of the Roman buildings and those used in the remains of the churches and castle of Colchester, the latter having been evidently made in imitation of the Roman models at a later date. It was curious to observe, that even the masonry of the earlier medieval buildings of this town are evidently imitated from the Roman work so constantly before the eyes of the workmen. Mr. Smith corrected several errors made by persons, such as Mr. Hartshorne, Mr. Bloxam, &c. who had written on the subject of Roman mortar. He then described the excavations made recently by Mr. Round in the earthworks to the north of the present castle, which had brought to light floors and foundations of Roman buildings over the ruins of which these fortifications appear to have been raised. Mr. Smith then went on to describe several interesting monuments of Roman art found in Colchester. Among these was a beautiful sculpture of a sphynx in Portland stone. Several sphynxes have been found at different times in Colchester, the regal residence of Canobeline, who is supposed to have borrowed this emblem from Augustus. There is a coin with a sphynx on the obverse, and the letters CVNO (for Canobelinus); and on the reverse CAMVLODVNO (Colchester). Several beautiful Roman bronzes have been lately discovered at Colchester, among which were mentioned a head of the bearded Bacchus, a bust of Caligula, a Jupiter Tonans, and a Cupid riding on a sea-griffin. Mr. Smith mentioned, among other antiquities, some curious roundels in burnt clay, in the collection of Mrs. Thorney, some of which have lately been exhibited before the Archæological Institute, and very rashly declared by Mr. Birch to be forgeries. Mr. Smith stated that, from those he had seen, and from a comparison with other articles, he felt no doubt of their being genuine. Mr. Pettigrew and Sir William Betham made some observations on Egyptian and Etruscan sphynxes, and observed that they were always considered emblems of royalty. Mr. Pettigrew said that the Egyptian sphynx was always male.

Mr. Beale Post exhibited drawings of some painted glass in his possession, said to have been brought from Norwich; it represented two musicians, one of whom was playing on the bagpipe, a very common instrument in the middle ages. Major Dundass exhibited an original warrant, dated in 1677, and signed by James Earl of Morton, regent of Scotland, excusing the laird of Airth from attending a raid or warlike expedition. Mr. Smith exhibited a beautiful piece of medieval embroidery, which appeared to have served as the antependium of an altar.

Mr. Crofton Croker read some notes on Irish ring-money, in illustration of which he exhibited a number of specimens of ring-money from his own museum, including iron ring-money, still made at Birmingham, for traffic with the natives of Benin in Africa. Sir William Betham then made some

interesting observations on this subject, with which he is known to be so intimately conversant. He said that his attention was first called particularly to these articles, by the discovery, some years ago, of nearly a cart-load of them in a barrow in Ireland. It must have been the grave of some chief who had had his whole treasure buried along with him. It then struck Sir William that these singularly shaped rings must have been used for money, and he found this notion fully confirmed on examination, by discovering that they were all exact multiples of the Troy weight, which also shews the antiquity of the latter. He said that an example of the ring-money had been lately found in Suffolk, which was the only instance he knew of the discovery of these articles in England. Mr. Wright made some observations tending to prove that rings were in common use for money among the earlier Saxon colonisers of this island; and he said, that if he recollected right, ring-money had been found in Scandinavia, and he thought in Germany. In fact, it was probably used among most peoples in a certain state of society. Mr. Smith said that ring-money had been found at Carnac in Brittany. Mr. Pettigrew said that it was found also at Carnac in Egypt, where, in one of the paintings, men were seen employed in weighing the ring-money, to see that it was correct. Sir William Betham said that there had been found many instances in Ireland of ring-money in bronze, so well plated with silver, as to deceive even experienced dealers; and he had no doubt this had been intended to pass as base coin, so that trickery of this kind appears to have existed in all stages of society. The ordinary materials of the ring-money were bronze and gold; one of gold had been found so large that it weighed above fifty ounces. The rarest sort was that of silver; in fact, silver ring-money was not known to exist, until a few specimens had been recently discovered, three of which Mr. Croker exhibited on the present occasion. Mr. Croker stated some circumstances which seemed to shew that these objects had sometimes been used as ornaments for the person, as well as for money. Mr. W. Chaffers exhibited a ring found in the bed of the Thames; it was evidently medieval, but set in it was a beautiful Roman intaglio, representing Jupiter and an eagle. Mr. Staples exhibited an early bronze seal, apparently foreign.

MR. HALLIWELL AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
This question between this young gentleman, but distinguished scholar and antiquary, and the authorities of the British Museum, has again been brought under public notice by an able exposition in the *Times*, in which his individual wrong is forcibly brought out as an injustice on the part of the government of that national institution, and applicable to the rights of every literary man to its public use, both now and hereafter. The case of Mr. Halliwell's exclusion from the library, where his valuable labours were pursued for the peculiar credit and benefit of our country's literature, has been so fully stated and commented upon, that we will not repeat even the brief summary of our daily contemporary. Among certain old mss. collected by him from every old bookstall about London, and afterwards publicly sold *en masse*, several have been claimed by Trinity College, Cambridge, as having been feloniously abstracted from that repository. A trap was laid in a private and apparently very friendly letter, addressed to Mr. Halliwell by Mr. Way, to get him to acknowledge one of these mss., whereon to found the charge against him—he, he it observed, having openly offered the whole for sale to the Dean of Ely, the person on earth best acquainted with Trinity College Library, and then, as openly and directly, with his name inscribed on them, sold the lot to Mr. Rodd, who as undisguisedly sold them to the British Museum. Upon the explosion of this fune and disgraceful proceeding, Mr. Halliwell employed every possible means to have the subject investigated to its inmost recesses; but he has

struggled in vain. The trustees of the British Museum evade his appeals, and the gentle Master of Trinity promises speedy decision, but postpones the trial from month to month. Meanwhile the object of this accusation, not to call it persecution, lies under a degrading stigma, and is superseded in his honourable toils. "The sword of Damocles (says the *Times*) is a good poetical figure, but we want no illustration of it;" and this is no illustration of it, for it is not a vague, visionary, and terrifying weapon suspended over the head of one enjoying life, so as to poison its luxuries: *this sword has fallen*; it has done all the injury it can do; guilty or guiltless (as we most firmly believe, in common with all who know the party), it has cut its victim to the soul; and the authors of its cruel guillotine-like operation deny the common right of every accused Briton to a fair and full inquiry.

After much ineffectual correspondence challenging proof of dishonesty or restoration to social and literary rights, but all in vain,—being met with quibbles, or forms, or delays equally distressing,—Mr. Halliwell, as a last resource, in order to have the whole matter legally and publicly sifted to the bottom, has offered to bear the expense of the trial in a court of law, threatened to be brought by Trinity College against the British Museum, for the restitution of its presumed mss., the matter being so conducted as to permit the clearest light to be thrown on every part of the entire transaction; for he and his friends, not without reason, suspect that, if ever this case is tried at all, it will be in a collusive way, so as to exclude the real merits and truths of the question, in so far as he is concerned. Will it be believed that this offer has been rejected, and the sword of Damocles left sticking in the wound! Any thing more intolerable never came within our knowledge. A character whispered or plotted away, and a youth of eminent literature, and an honourable position in society, blasted by the breath of calumny, and yet refused every means to obtain an impartial and searching investigation of his conduct. We care not who adopt this course—it is a libel upon English justice, and abhorrent to every idea of it entertained in every honest English breast.

The following is the correspondence to which we have alluded, and with which we have been favoured, since writing the above, by Mr. Halliwell's solicitor:

The Master and Fellows of Trinity College (Cambridge) v. the Trustees of the British Museum.

Great Ryder Street, St. James's, April 3d, 1846.
Gentlemen,—It has been to me a source of surprise, that neither my client, Mr. Halliwell, nor myself, have received any communication from you respecting the defence to this action; and as it will in all probability be tried immediately after next Trinity Term, I am compelled, in justice to Mr. Halliwell, to take the initiative.

It appears that the action has been instituted for the recovery of certain mss., and the facts are very simple. Mr. Halliwell having made a collection of mss., amounting in the whole to nearly three hundred, became desirous of disposing of them, and, through the Dean of Ely, offered them, with his name both written and stamped upon them, for sale to the plaintiffs, who, however, refused to purchase them; and they were subsequently bought by Mr. Rodd, the bookseller, who sold them to the defendants.

It has been asserted that some of these mss. were abstracted by Mr. Halliwell from the library of the plaintiffs. False as these *ex parte* statements were, yet in consequence of them, he was, on the 29th of January, 1845, forbidden to frequent the reading-rooms and consult the collections of the British Museum; and up to the present moment that prohibition has not been withdrawn.

On the 31st of January, 1845, Mr. Halliwell addressed a letter to Sir Henry Ellis, the Librarian of the British Museum, offering to assist the inquiries of the officers of that institution respecting the mss. in question, and to such letter the following answer was received:

"British Museum, Feb. 3, 1845.
"My dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note of Saturday's date, but I have no inquiries to make.—I remain your sincere friend and servant,
"James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. HENRY ELLIS."

Upon this Mr. Halliwell made several communications to the Master of Trinity College, tendering every assistance in his power in the investigation of the circumstances under which the mss. might have been taken from the library of Trinity College, and ultimately received the following letter from Dr. Whewell:

"Trinity College, Cambridge, June 4th, 1845.

"Sir,—I regret very much that there has been so much delay on the subject to which your letter of the 28th ult. refers. It has been unavoidable, and I hope is nearly at an end. I am in communication with the trustees of the British Museum on this subject, with a view to a legal proceeding which will bring the matter before the courts of law; and such a proceeding will, I hope, soon take place. It will be such, I expect, as to give you the opportunity of making any statement which you may wish to make public. I am, sir, your obedient, humble servant,

"J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

W. HEWELL."

So much caution has attended the malice of Mr. Halliwell's literary enemies, that, although every exertion has been made, I have been unable to acquire sufficient evidence to support an action of libel or slander against any one of his calumniators; but if you or any other party will give me the name of any gentleman who has asserted, or will assert, that Mr. Halliwell feloniously or dishonestly abstracted the mss. in question from the library of Trinity College, I will forthwith commence an action against him to establish the innocence of my client.

In consequence of the authorities of Trinity College not having dared to indict Mr. Halliwell, he has had no opportunity to make any statement in a court of justice; he may be desirous to render public; and, as the case at present stands, he cannot tender evidence to resist this action, or make suggestions to the defendants' counsel in consultation or at the trial. I assume, however, that the defendants have no other object in view than the elucidation of the truth; and I therefore trust that they will feel and admit the justice of their acceding to one or other of the following requests, which I most earnestly make on the part of Mr. Halliwell, viz. either that they will allow me, as Mr. Halliwell's attorney, and at his expense, to collect evidence to be used at the impending trial in resistance of the claim of the plaintiffs, and to deliver briefs to Mr. Cockburn, Q.C., and Mr. A. J. Stephens, to act as his counsel, in conjunction with theirs on the occasion, such briefs being previously handed over to you for perusal, and you, of course, supplying me with copies of the defendants' briefs for the use of Mr. Halliwell's counsel, in which case, I need hardly observe, they will be under the leadership of your own counsel, the Attorney-General, and have to subscribe to the line of defence he may determine upon at consultation; or that, as Mr. Halliwell's title to the mss. is in question, the trustees of the Museum will permit me to take the defence of the action into my own hands, Mr. Halliwell giving them a full indemnity against the costs of it from this period.

I shall feel obliged if you will, at your earliest convenience, submit this letter to the trustees for their consideration; and am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

To Messrs. Bray and Warren.

W. LOVELL.

Great Russell Street, 6th April, 1846.

Sir,—We beg leave to inform you that your letter, dated the 3d instant, respecting the action which has been brought on behalf of Trinity College against the trustees of the British Museum, has been laid before the trustees. In this letter you requested, on the part of Mr. Halliwell, either that the trustees would allow you, as Mr. Halliwell's solicitor, to collect evidence to be used at the trial, and to deliver briefs to Mr. Cockburn and Mr. A. J. Stephens to act as Mr. Halliwell's counsel in conjunction with the counsel of the trustees; or that the trustees would permit you, on behalf of Mr. Halliwell, to take the defence of the action into your own hands, Mr. Halliwell giving to the trustees a full indemnity against the costs of the action from this period.

We are directed by the trustees to inform you that they cannot accede to either of the requests contained in your letter.—We remain, sir, your obedient, humble servants,
(Signed) BRAY, WARREN, AND HARDING.
William Lovell, Esq., 4 Great Ryder Street, St. James's.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Geological, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries (anniversary meeting), 3 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature (anniversary meeting), 3 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 3 P.M.; Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

No. 73. "Edith and the Monks finding the dead body of Harold," is an aspiration after the superior style in art, by G. E. Sintzenberg. There is skill in the foreshortening of the figures, and the expression of Edith is full of despair. The glare of the torch-light upon her dishevelled hair is one of those conventional effects in which artists delight for the sake of colour; but which are not true to nature. Schalcken was right enough with forges and strong artificial lights; but it is the fashion now too often to paint opaque objects—human faces

or limbs, &c.—as if they were fire, and not modified reflections of fire. What did we say of Haydon's "Nero?" And this exhibition has fifty examples of the same kind, without a trait of redeeming genius. Mr. Sintzenich we look upon as a promising artist.

No. 84. "The Dogana, Venice," by J. Holland. After Canaletti.—There is no ancient master more easily imitated than Canaletti; and not one to whose real excellence the approach is more difficult. It is not straight lines, blue canals, architectural edifices, gondolas, and a vanishing distance from the solid of the foreground—all these may be managed by square and rule—but where is the liquidity of the water; where the air, and unsurpassed truth of the perspective (not finer in Cuypp himself); and where the charm of composition, with every thing in its proper place? 451, "London Lights after Rain," is a curiosity.

No. 85. "Will thou be gone? It is not yet near day!" H. Hawkins.—A very young attempt at the love pathetic. Sad young lady, sad young gentleman, sad moon, sad morning, sad parting, sad colouring. His "Sheep-shearing," 464, is yet more outrageous.

No. 95. "Scene at Honfleur." E. Hassell.—A pleasing view up the Seine, which seems to want a little solidity.

No. 96. "Unloading Fish." H. Lancaster.—Is a clever performance, but surpassed by 104, "St. Michael's Mount," in which the sky is capitally executed.

No. 97. "Landscape, Evening." R. Titford.—Is executed in an agreeable manner, and does credit to the artist.

No. 111. "Rustic Figures in North Wales." J. J. Hill.—There are a number of Welsh peasants, poachers, and gipsies among the subjects in the gallery. This is a good specimen of the best of the former: a ragged boy and girl sufficiently picturesque, and as ruddy as Murillo's Spanish beggar boys are dark and sallow.

No. 116. "Cause and Effect." J. Giles, R.S.A.—A fowling-piece and a dead deer is the explanation of this riddle, which we only mention as one of many similar examples of bad taste in the catalogue-titles of these productions. Puns and enigmas are for ladies' pocket-almanacs, and not for picture-galleries; but here we have such things as Rouge and Noir, a negro and a red flower—a Sage Subject, an old woman plucking a goose—Bubble-and-Squeak, a terrier catching a rat in a stream—Ignorance is Bliss, a mouse on a dessert-table watched by a cat—a Seizure in Tail, a dog gripping a cat, &c. 154. "A Royal Hart," half-life size, by the same, is a clever animal piece.

No. 121. "Preparing for the Carnival." E. Latilla.—Looks as if done by a Chinese artist; and very well done for one of that nation. 442. "Maddona and Child," is a demoralisation of the sacred forms, and a chalk-flesh Italian-school mockery.

No. 125. "A View up the Clwyd Vale." J. W. Allen.—Is finely managed, and conveys a beautiful idea of the vale melting into the distance, with the sunshine reposing upon it and the sides of the mountains in a charming style.

No. 129. "A Beech-forest." E. J. Cobbett.—Is it a beech-forest or a phantasmagoria? would be a fair question for a Cobbett's debate.

No. 142. "Cromer." E. Child.—A natural morning scene, and the picturesque features of the coast ably selected and portrayed.

No. 148. "Roslin Castle." H. J. Boddington.—A sweet phantasma melting very softly into mist. 265. "Gipsies' Camp."—One of, if not the most effective of the gipsy encampments. The booby wood of Kent well spread upon the canvass, and the vagrant encampment busily employed in their usual occupations, and characteristic in their disposition.

No. 173. "The Market-Card, Evening." A. Montague.—All nature is red. The people are Red Indians. In the trees we have a sample of "making the green one red." In other respects it is a

well-arranged subject, both as regards the landscape and the living group which animates it.

No. 187. "Condolence." C. Josi.—A horse appearing to fondle a cat. The cat is rather burlesque; but Mr. Josi makes ample amends for any defect in No. 240, "Pointers at Partridges," and still more in No. 366, "Hard-pressed,"—a run down deer, and a dog equally done up. Nothing can exceed the truth of these animals, nor the feeling of the artist. The hard-pressure has exhausted both, and is touchingly contrasted with the nature of the pursuer and the pursued.

No. 193. "The Gipsies." A. H. Taylor.—Is another of the riddle pictures—red—all red.

No. 218. "Scene on the Tamer." F. C. Lewis.—Is, on the contrary, all dark; so dark that no artist could have had light enough to paint it.

No. 224. "Sunday Morning in the last Century." H. M. Anthony.—Wooden people, in imitation of Leslie; and not belonging to any living race in any century. No. 484. "The Croppie's Grave." Farther disfigured by an effort at sentiment.

No. 246. "A Father's Pride." C. Doane.—A nice Pa, and one easily satisfied.

No. 247. "Parisina." A. J. Woolmer.—We noticed Mr. Woolmer's pinks, yellows, blues, and greens in our former notice; and what we like in him is his choice of peacocks, in order to exhibit his forte. No. 304 is another of all tints; and 329, a perfect glorification of peacockery!

Nos. 272, 283, "Promised Bliss," "Departed Joys."—The story of a girl's hopes and blight, in a pair of home scenes, carefully painted. Not high, but simple: they are just the pictures that would tempt a Art-Union prize-holder.

No. 383. "Solitude." J. Tennant.—A composition with some power, but not readily recognised as natural, though the various parts do not offend.

No. 384. "The Fight." H. Fitzgerald.—A vulgar subject: unfit for the fine arts, yet not without observation and talent.

No. 419. "The Judgment of the Flowers." J. O'Donoghue.—We must praise an original thought, differing from the crowds of similarities and mannerisms all around. There is a quaintness about the execution, too, which amuses us, and, with something of a theatrical effect, we rather like Mr. Donoghue's Judgment. The colours and costumes of the three belles, and the character of their elderly Paris, are an entertaining parody on the perilous affair of Mount Ida.

The Waterloo Banquet. Painted by W. Salter. Engraved by W. Greatbach. London, Moon.

As a painting and in its progress in engraving, and incidentally at other times, we have spoken of this remarkable work in the terms which its artistic merits and national interest inspired. The skill with which Mr. Salter overcame the striking difficulties of his subject claimed our cordial admiration. To introduce sufficient variety of costume, so as to break up the prevalent uniformity of the military garb; to dispose of more than eighty individuals at a horizontal table stretching across the canvass, in such a manner as to enable him to give their portraits; to group them, and yet to preserve the spirit of the main action—the Duke addressing the assembly; and to add circumstantial and picturesque accessories,—formed a combination to be accomplished which required no common genius to handle with even ordinary effect. But Mr. Salter has achieved all these desiderata, and produced a picture of rare excellence and attraction. Seven years have elapsed since this anniversary of Waterloo was finished—alas, there are many blanks in the spaces then occupied by the heroes of that day, which render their likenesses, as here perpetuated, still dearer to their country. We look forward to a few more years; and wider and wider must be these sad gaps, till the whole living pageant is swept away, and the memory of the banquet, but for such a production, will be as a feast in the Hall of Odin. We do not wonder, therefore, at the vast popularity of this engraving, on

which Greatbach has employed his utmost talent, so as to do perfect justice to the original; and the sale of which is, we believe, unequalled in the annals of print-dealing. A fortune is made by a single speculation of this kind, not unworthy the ambition even of an alderman, and one to which Mr. Moon's liberal encouragement of the arts has fairly entitled him. Let us hope that the author of it will also reap a fully proportionate share of the benefit; for those who delight a public taste and gratify a public feeling well deserve an adequate reward from that public, through whatever medium it may be derived. We do not make the remark as questioning the result in this instance (which we cannot do with our knowledge of the parties), but as generally applicable to all transactions of the same nature, in which the embarkment and risk of a large expenditure ought justly to look for a commensurate return, whilst the mind and talent which are the root of the whole ought also to partake bountifully of the encouragement of splendid success. We rejoice that this noble undertaking has met with that triumph. It is very honourable to the English school and to the English character. Mr. Greatbach's line has most happily translated the positive colours of Mr. Salter, and for an embellishment of an Englishman's residence, from the cottage to the palace, we could mention no performance of art more appropriate and welcome than this.

Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Illuminated by Owen Jones. Longmans.

WITH great respect and admiration for Mr. Owen Jones, we must confess that we are more struck by the superb old-style boarding of this volume than by his embellishments. Look at Dewey's family-mourning shop, in Oxford Street, and others of the same description about town, and you have a sense of what is fitting and appropriate for the grave. But Mr. Jones is all for the *Percy-Chaise* style—the floral, the ornamental, but without the sentimental or the feeling. Now we could hardly suppose any poem less suited for this style than *Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. There is no doubt that the borders are beautiful and elegant, and that the volume altogether is a sparkling gem in the way of graceful art. But without going the Dewey length in blackness and gloom, we confess we should have liked a little more solemnity on this simple and touching subject. Yet, after all, a Welsh village-churchyard, with its pretty flowers and emblems of sorrow and hope, is a soothing resort: as such we may receive this very graceful and highly adorned volume.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, April 13, 1846.

I HAVE read that "Clarissa Harlowe," and am even now staggering from the effects of the perusal. Never was there a more wonderful, a more singular metamorphosis since the days when Circe gave to the companions of Ulysses their untoward shapes. The moral, honest, and candid Richardson transformed into a modern novelist, and what a novelist! Richardson eking out a wild, incoherent, flighty phrase, tinselled out with a stray jewel of mock gold—Richardson, in a word, turned into a *feuilletoniste*, and spouting, with surprising coolness, the conventionalities of reporters; Richardson, amended by Shakspeare, when quotations from Shakspeare recur to the mind of M. Jules Janin; by Otway and by Rowe, when he is reminded of "Venice Preserved" or the "Fair Penitent;" Lovelace amended by Brummel; Clarissa by the heroines of G. Sand; Miss Howe by Lady Hester Stanhope; the odious St. Claire by the old Macette of Regnier, and what not else! A hodge-podge of all times, all manners, all ideas, all styles, save the style, the ideas, the manners, or the time of Richardson. Such a transmutation, in fact, that you can recognise neither customs, names, language, nor construction. Never was so much of imagination displayed in a copy; never had a man so

struggled to preserve his identity when borrowing the conceptions of another; never did a man so thoroughly conceal, mutilate, or disfigure an illustrious original. I would give twenty modern vaudeville, and a few comedies into the bargain, to see the two volumes of M. Jules Janin reach Richardson, under safe cover, in that interior so well depicted by Walter Scott; to see Richardson himself striving to understand something of this new novel, decorated with the names which he has consigned to immortality. The worthy man would wear out in the task his eyes, his spectacles, and his intelligence. He would turn demented, and he would die of it, which indeed would be lamentable, if once resuscitated; but not without having much entertained us during the unheard-of perusal.

I had some idea of forwarding to you a few passages of this sacrilegious work, but it would be defacing the bloom of a magnificent subject, which ought to be entrusted to one of your witty editors—to that gentleman, for instance, who has so well treated the last work of M. Carlyle. Never, I do assure you, could you make a more valuable present to those satirical anatomists, who rejoice in seeing the wounded flesh quiver under their lancet, in seeing the crimson blood flow—*plena cruoris hirundo*—I promise you, then, ample laughter, a *Rabelaisian* day, a shaking of your sides fit to make the mountains quake. However, I specially beg of you not to commit yourself so egregiously as to be seriously indignant. Do not take your staff with fixed lance before the desecrated tomb of one of your deepest novelists. A lance,—nonsense! when a whip will do. And yet a whip—'tis too much severity for such work. A battledore,—well and good! and let those two little volumes (of 600 pages each, nevertheless) bound and rebound like a light shuttlecock on the elastic trellis.

Nunc est ridendum; no ire, no big voice, no threatening imprecations,—the rallery of Sterne, if you please, the rallery of Charles Lamb; from time to time the pondiard stroke of Hazlitt, given with a light hand, playfully, as a caress. Follow this advice, my dear sir, and you will have made a capital present. However, be just, be correct, while you ridicule. Be not like your "occasional correspondent," who carries his love of laughter so far as to invent imaginary blunders, and thrust them on people who are quite innocent of them. To make a serious publication like the "Revue Britannique" say that Nelson "cabbed" it over the billows of the gulf before Copenhagen, is to imagine that the editors of the *Revue* have lost their senses; no better, no less, than Harpagon, the miser of Molière, when he desires to send *la marichausse en pleine mer*. No, sir, no, we have not yet attained that pitch of simplicity. Here is the textual passage of the "Revue Britannique," with the note spoken of by your correspondent; and if you have occasion to find fault, it will not be in the sense he meant.

"Nelson, who had passed the night in his ship, the *St. George*, came early in a little boat which he called his 'gig';" and then come in a note, true enough, these words, which explain the literal sense of the expression used figuratively by your illustrious Admiral, "gig, *espèce de cabriolet*!"

This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is less amusing, I admit, than the "blunder," the "Irish bull," which is palmed off upon the *Revue* by your correspondent. However, a little justice is not ill becoming, even when we desire to rejoice at other people's expense.

Let us now talk of the fashionable tour. It is a trip from Paris to Tours by the railway, which has just opened. All the Parisian journalists were in the inaugurating train, which, starting from Paris at eight in the morning, reached Tours only at three in the afternoon. This speed was

not extraordinary, but nobody complained, for they traversed that fine country surnamed the garden of France, and which is at the same time a most complete historical repertory. So, at Luvisy, the traveller is reminded of Isabeau de Bavière, stopped, in the fourteenth century, by the worthy Frenchmen of that period, when going to betray the Dauphin into the hands of the English. At Savigny an antique tower recalls the time (1480) when a chamberlain of Charles VIII., Etienne de Vèze, reigned supreme over that large borough. Then comes the tower of Monthéry, built in 1012 by Thibault *file-toupes*, dismantled by Louis VII., and witness, in 1465, of the important battle known by that name. Near Etampes is another stronghold, the tower of Guinette, built by King Robert. After Orleans, the castle of Mury is next seen, an old episcopal residence; then, at Mer, the celebrated steeple, a lovely sample of our Gothic architecture. It is here that you may, leaving the rail, begin the pilgrimage of Chambord; you may visit its towers and high dungeon, surmounted by a gigantic *fleur-de-lis*. If, on the contrary, carried away by the bronze coursier, who keeps continually neighing and galloping mercilessly, you pass on as we did, you next see the castle of Ménars, formerly inhabited by a dethroned monarch (Stanislas de Pologne), later by a royal courtesan (Madame de Pompadour), and which now belongs to the Prince de Chimay, who, to purify the place, has converted it into a gymnasium. Once in Blois, recollections come crowding on you. Charles VII., Louis XI., Charles VIII., Louis XII., Anne of Brittany, Claude of France, Valentine of Milan, have in turn inhabited that dreary castle, where you are shewn, still crimson and fresh, the stain left by the blood of the Duke of Guise at the foot of Henry the Third's bed. At this moment one of our most scientific architects (M. Duban) is restoring and embalming, as it were, the royal residence.

After leaving Blois, you come to those embankments of the Loire raised by Louis le Débonnaire to confine within its bed that devastating stream. Then you traverse Onzain, where Catherine de Medicis shut up the Prince de Condé, chief of the Huguenots. Opposite is the castle of Chaumont, whose towers still overhang the vast and fertile basin of the Loire. Thibault-le-Grand, Comte de Blois, Diane de Poitiers, Catherine de Medicis, the Cardinal d'Amboise, and Madame de Stael, have in turn occupied that imposing structure. Diane de Poitiers came here at the death of Henry II., by order of Catherine de Medicis, who made her leave Chenonceaux, that residence worthy of the fairies. It is again Catherine de Medicis who caused to be hung at a balcony of the Chateau d'Amboise (it can be seen at a distance, while the powerful locomotive carries you away at the same pace, or rather at the same gallop) the unfortunate accomplices of Lacaenandre. The Chateau d'Amboise, which already stood there long before the year 860, was then given by Charles le Chauve to Tertulle, Comte d'Anjou. Later, it reverted to the crown of France. Charles VIII. was born and died there. *J'en passe et des meilleures*; I omit many, and of the best. But here we are at Tours, where the bells ring, where the trumpets sound, and where his grace the Archbishop, under a canopy of gold, comes to bless the railroad. We have breakfasted everywhere, we dine at Tours; we start home in haste, and at half-past twelve we re-enter the huge metropolis, left in the morning, after having travelled 120 leagues of rail, and wasted a great part of those seventeen hours so well occupied.

Shall I now describe to you the *Promenade de Louchamps*, and the variety of caps, bonnets, and gowns there exhibited by our milliners? This would indeed betray ignorance of your serious tastes, and of the respect you entertain for your worthy readers. I will render them homage, by speaking cursorily, merely to notice the fact, of the last ballet of the opera (*Paquita*), which has met

with but a moderate success. The scene most applauded is a ball—a caricature—of hussars and women dressed up in the fashion of 1806. The music, for which we are indebted to a young composer of talent, M. Deldevez, deserved a better scenario, and a greater display of chorographic resources.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

THE Ninth Report of the Board of Directors, for 1845, is very gratifying. The following are among its paragraphs: "The directors have fortunately been enabled, at each annual meeting, since the Institution was formed in 1837, to make a most favourable report to the members; indeed, nothing whatever has occurred to cause even a momentary check to its prosperity. While the success of the Institution may have even exceeded the expectations of its promoters, the advantages and usefulness to be derived from it have become daily more apparent, and must fully realise the wishes of its most sanguine friends. The directors have felt it necessary to grant permanent assistance in another case, in addition to those mentioned in the last report, and to distribute among the aged and sick a somewhat larger sum than in former years, but a considerable surplus from the annual income has still been added to the permanent fund; and the directors have observed with much pleasure, that very few applications for assistance have been caused by the want of employment." A just tribute is paid to the great services of the honorary medical officers, and to the memory of the late Dr. James Johnson, one who had most assiduously performed the gratuitous duties of that invaluable undertaking. It then proceeds: "The directors look forward with perfect confidence that the permanent fund of 20,000*l.* will, in a very few years, be realised; upwards of 1000*l.* having been added to it during the last year, and the amount already invested exceeding the sum of 15,000*l.*" The happy establishment of the Retreat (see *Lit. Gazette*) is next adverted to as a subject of congratulation; and a satisfactory statement of audited accounts concludes the paper.

ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE. Dramatic Chapters.

CHAPTER X.

SCENE—A romantic View of Lake and Mountain—FALKNER, musing and solitary, discovered leaning against a rock which fences the lake: he speaks.

Falkner. Hear me, Eternal Justice, in whose hand Are grasped the judgments of impartial Truth! Thee I invoke! To thee I lift my voice. Thought, feeling, all that may denote a man, Once the proud heir of a most honoured name; The brother of a true and virtuous maid, Who in all gentler offices evinced The sweet perfection of a sister's love! Thee I invoke! Here as bereft I stand, Bankrupt of spirit, heart and home insolvent, Weigh my unbalanced wrong, and sentence give; Set me this knave but once within my grasp. Let me straight wash dishonour from my blood, Or bid me think thou, Justice, art no more— Truth, equity, but dreams that cheat the heart With hopes that lack results—

Shadows, that shape The grandeur of a judgment absolute! Yet, when approached, dissolve in painted air, Leaving us nought of virtue but the show, Lending us nought of justice but the name!

Enter JURUS.

Jurus. There he broods again, ever lamenting: I knew him last a soldier, high in honour, Lofly in spirit, jealous of a look, With form and face to win all hearts' regard. I find him lacking of his olden spirit, Mysterious, courting solitude; heedless of that Which was his pride before—society! I'll e'en accost him, take it as he will.

[Approaching FALKNER.]

What now, my Falkner? evermore alone? Feeding green fancy with forbidden fruit? But that thy cheek seems thinner than becoming, I'd guess some maiden thus bewildered thee.

Falk. A truce, my friend—jest not with misery! Ju. Am I a friend?

Falk. None better 'neath the sun.

Ju. Then thou defraud'st thy friend of his right due:

* We confess we think that giving the *literal* sense of a figurative expression—the word "gig" having two distinct meanings—was very apt to mislead readers and critics.—Ed. L. G.

Friend to thy tongue—a stranger to thy thought;
Friend to thine ear—alien to thy heart;
Friend but in name—not trusted heart and thought!
Falk. Why thus entreat me to thine own discomfort?
Be satisfied; I love thy peace too well
To hearken thy request.

Ju. Why this attire?
No new misfortune to the multitude
My friend seems born to suffer?
Falk. No more a soldier, Juras; but teacher, scribe,
Preceptor, secretary—what you will—
In the castle hard by.

Ju. Of the fair Lady Bertha?
Preceptor, sayst thou?
I faith, a pupil of so graced a spirit,
So beautiful withal, that even I,
The proud magician, as the peasants style me,
Would change my place for thine.

Falk. Magician, Juras? still for mystic lore?
Still wearing the stars to counsel thee?
Still building thy foundation upon clouds?

Ju. What mean do otherwise than build on clouds?
Falk. Thy signs may seem to me, as of yore,
Hast thou no sign to track a villain's haunts?
Dost sin leave no impurity on air,
Predictive of its whereabouts? If not,
Thy boasted science, comrade, is not worth
The instinct of a dog.

Ju. Wrong not science!
Doubt not thy friend; nor thine own mind abuse:
What know doth this world hide that thou wouldst find?
And wherefore?

Falk. A villain... and yet why make sick thy heart
With misery of mine? [*Pause, agitated.*]

Ju. So moved, my friend:
Come, let us be again as college youths;
Pour all thy thoughts into as true a breast,
As faithful to thee as mine, as of yore.

Falk. My sister, Juras—
My idolised, my most beloved sister,
My only one—we two were all in all;
Sole children of our house; shared the same hopes;
At the same knee breathed the same prayer together;
Read the same books; admired the self-same walks;
She gathered flowers for me, and I for her;
Our joys were one; and 'twas a rivalry
Which could most love the other!

Pardon me—
Those were sweet times, my Juras, when her face,
Her young, her innocent, and blooming face,
Peeped at my study-window, and, with smiles,
Called me from books to Nature's eloquence;
Those were dear hours, had I but known their worth.

Ju. Thy sister? Is she, then, dead?
Falk. Murdered! and by the cruellest of blows
Which strikes at life through reputation, Juras.
Yet she was pure—oh, most assuredly pure!
Angels might call her sister—and do now,
Do even now—in heaven.

Ju. I have no word—amazement holds me mute.
Falk. I was a captive, chained in Hyder's cell.
When first there came some whisper of dishonour;
Some slander coupled with my sister's name!
Heavens, how I chafed! how cursed the dungeon-chain
Which stopped both ascertainment and revenge!

[*Falks to and fro, agitated.*]
From hints mysterious, and half utterance,
The whisper grew and grew (among the prisoners
Who'd information from the garison);
The whisper grew from hint and doubt to surety!
Then each particular step of this dark act:
A villain had beguiled her innocence,
Her artless unsuspecting of deceit,
With a false marriage!

Infamous defraud,
Which calls on God to witness perjury!

Ju. The marriage then...
Falk. Was false! utterly false!
The priest some tool—some miscreant of his own!
The witnesses his vassals! all a lie!
Got up to wound the dove which sought his breast;
The innocent wife to brand with infamy!
O God, my Juras, can such monsters sleep?
If sleep, not dream? If dream, what horrors then
Must conscience conjure up to blast their sight—
Horrors to which death were mercy!

Ju. Thy noble sister! and was this her fate?
She whose excellent beauty shed a charm
Where'er she moved; so full of elegance,
That but to see her left remembered grace
For after-thought to muse upon; and...
Falk. And so loving, Juras, oh, so loving;
So rich with every gentle excellence,
That it would make one weep—yea, weep—to think
Of love so pure, and man so merciless!
Weep—but not tears, not tears!

Tears were not made
To wash out infamy! [*Dashing aside his grief.*]

"Was linked to music once, but now to madness!
But she—in her dead beauty—is a shrine
Where every day and every hour my thoughts
Do offer mournful tribute for her loss!"

Ju. But his name! thou gav'st me not his name.
Falk. [*to himself.*] Still in thy time, eternal retribution—
In thy good time!

Ju. Give me his name, that I may learn to curse it!
Falk. Del—, the villain's name is hateful to my tongue:

Deimont. Though I have vainly asked, and sought
To find him by that name.

Ju. Deimont?
Why, he is heir of old Glenmorency:
Lord Kelford his new title. If 'tis he,
One more abandoned ne'er disgraced a lineage.
I bid thee spare him not; 'twere well the world
Were rid of such a monster.

Falk. Kelford? not Deimont?
So, 'twas thus I missed him!
Ju. He dwells but few miles hence,
Within the mountain fastness.
Falk. So near?—so near?—thank God;
I mark it well.

Ju. What sayst thou?
Falk. [*to himself.*] Kelford? How my hand clutches,
As though the air heaved ladders for me!

Ju. Falkner, art thou possessed? beware, thy face
Betrays unhalloved purpose; meet him still
As foe to foe, no daggers in the dark!

Falk. [*with difficulty restraining his passion.*] I feel my
hand upon his throat:
Methinks I strike in his perilous ears,
Kelford! Lord Kelford! 'twas Falkner strikes!
A brother's vengeance clears a sister's wrongs!
I have him now—at last—within my reach—
My rage—at last! this moment pays for years,
Of wild, unprofitable, wearying search!
Kelford? You're sure his name is Kelford?

Ju. Lord Kelford is his name.
Falk. I shall not soon forget it, trust me, Juras!
'Twould make my sworn speak in its very sheath—
A spell to conjure murder!

Ju. Murder? calm thy thoughts;
Season all things with caution—see the man!
This is no debt for hasty settlement;
Though profligate, he yet hath power and rank!

Falk. Rank! what is rank? Unless the man
Match with his station, title but degrades,
Contrasting its ascendancy with that
Which is below the common attitude!
As sunbeams gild a puddle but to shew
How mean a thing may glitter for a time!
His rank I assuredly'll mind his rank;
Shew me the track, and I'll follow it.

Ju. His very track, if thou wilt.
Falk. Ha ha! thanks, Juras—five years are shaken
As so much dust from off my eager feet!
I am a youth again—he lives—he lives!
'Twere worth a thousand lives to know he lives!
And I may yet avenge!

Ju. Still, still too hot;
Too rash, o'erhasty for this enterprise;
Let vengeance wait on caution; patience...
Falk. Patience? Hear me, Juras:
In Indian warfare, 'neath a scorching sun,
I toiled in the defences of the siege,
And saw my father perish at my side;
Whose service there some petty insolence
Of new authority enforced! He died;
But I had patience!

Spare me yet:
I had a friend who shared my heart from youth;
'Neath his command, against the Mysoreans
I battled, and was captured: sir, his troop
'E'en to a man had fought, and perished too,
Ere I, in Hyder's dungeon, worse than death,
Had laid a prisoner; he, too, he retreated!
Left me to suffer long captivity;
The torture of a bondage, by report
The most inhuman tyranny could shape!
He fled—but I had patience!
God tempered me to bear it—till the news
Of a beloved sister's fame dishonoured!
The legacy of a dead mother's love,
My father's favourite and long-cherished child,
Dishonoured, and by one that sire had served!
'Twas then I cursed my chains, and challenged life
To shew on earth a greater wretch than I;
'Twas then I breathed an oath in Hyder's cell
To barter all for vengeance! then, 'twas then,
I tore my flesh, and held my bleeding hands
To God for justice!

I was heard! escaped!
Am here!—Now, prone to me of patience!
[*Exit FALKNER—JURUS expostulating.*]
CHARLES SWAIN.

THE DRAMA.

EASTER DRAMAS.

THE Easter holidays, besides Greenwich Fair and several yet remaining suburban recreations, always yet the theatres with novelties for the nonce. To criticise these would occupy much space, and probably be thought ill to reward the expenditure. We will therefore generalise, so as to be short. At Drury Lane there was nothing new. At Covent Garden the Wizard of the North and a row, till a cannon was fired at him, and went off well, carrying the audience with it. At the Haymarket, Mr. Planche made a clever burlesque of the *Birds* of Aristophanes; like all he does, excellently fitted on the stage, smart, and

amusing. Miss P. Horton was the Eagle, or prop of the Birds. To the Princess's Mr. Macready returned with *Hamlet* and *Hamlet* with him; and a piece founded on the story of *Peeping Tom* followed, with rather equivocal success. The Adelphi revelled in novelties—*Industry and Indolence*, a serious melodrama in the peculiar style of this house, and ably supported by its pathetic, villainous, and comic strength. Peter Wilkins with his flying island furnished the story for the burlesque that followed. Both were applauded, and have been performed with increasing effect ever since. The Lyceum replayed *Honours and Tricks*, and reacted the *Marble Maiden*, and reshewed Tom Thumb, who runs Keeley hard, only he is not so big. Sadler's Wells produced a little *jeu* called *My Uncle's Pet*, which did not fail to amuse the audience; and the Olympic was opened by Mr. George Boulton with pieces which we have not seen, but of some ballets, &c. report speaks favourably. Astley's rejoined in a grand spectacle, called *The Arab Steed*, and all the entertainments were received with loud approbation. All the holiday-people were pleased or delighted at every place. Holiday-folks are proverbially good-natured, and disposed to be pleased and delighted.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Tuesday, the first night after Easter, brought with it the welcome return of Grisi, Mario, and Lablache, and a most enthusiastic reception met them at their first bow to the critical audience of this theatre. It is a great satisfaction to the lovers of opera that but few symptoms of decay or even negligence can be detected in the performance of this accomplished trio: Grisi, perhaps, finds a little more effort necessary in producing the high notes, and Mario is not quite so clear in the quality of his higher chest-notes; but as to Lablache, he is a sort of basso rival of our veteran tenor Braham—his tone is as rich and perfect, and his execution as faultless, as we ever heard it, while his amusing humour never tires. Assuredly we do not hear true opera-singing until these artists are in season. It is quite surprising to see how different the whole performance is now to that which we have had before Easter, however meritorious that may have been in its way: the amateur now feels, in listening to the opera, as if he had returned to his musical home. Bellini's *I Puritani* was performed on this occasion—a work which may be considered as the richest of this master in melody and variety of composition. Its beauties are too well known to require pointing out. The celebrated "A te, o cara," did not go so well as usual; but Grisi's Polacca, as it is called—because no one can sing it with that wonderful rapidity and perfect articulation peculiar to her, and at the same time with the ease and gracefulness necessary to the composition—was admirably executed. The favourite martial duet, "Suoni la tromba," by Fornasari and Lablache, does not go off well: it seems as if the harmony, being chiefly in thirds, requires a more perfect accordance than can be got with their voices. There is often a peculiarity in voices, though what it consists in we do not pretend to say, which enables them to harmonise in a more or less perfect manner: members of the same family generally sing together with better effect than others. Fornasari and Lablache do not sing the duet with that harmony that Tamburini and Lablache did. Mario sang the elegant adagio, "Ella è tremante," with great taste; and at the close of the opera the principal singers were honoured with bouquets and the accompanying bravoes of applause.

On Thursday, we had the old favourite *Don Giovanni*, with a very effective cast: Grisi, *Dona Anna*; Sanchioli, *Elvira*; Castellan, *Zerline*; with Fornasari, Mario, and the Lablaches. The general performance of the opera was most satisfactory. Castellan sang "Batti, batti," and her part of "La ci darem," excellently, though taking too much liberty with the original. Sanchioli sang with great attention to the music; but her intonation

is still, we think, imperfect. Fornasari takes the part of *Don Juan* capitally. The other accomplished singers were, as usual, first-rate. Lablache's *fun* as *Leporello* is as ludicrous as ever. The encores were very numerous, which we regret, as occupying too much time, and because we think them erroneous in principle; for the recollection of a charming piece of music is more pleasing than the immediate recurrence of the same sensations.

Drury Lane.—Madame Anna Thillon made her curvy to a full house at Drury Lane on Thursday evening, in her original character of *Caterina*, in Auber's opera *The Crown Jewels*; and was received with vast applause. Several new songs, by various composers, were introduced by Miss Poole, *Diana*; Mr. Anderson, *Enrique*; and Borani, *Rebollo*.

Princess's Theatre.—*Ernestine*, a pleasing drama, and very effectively enacted by Wallack, Cooper, Mrs. Stirling, Miss E. Stanley, and Miss May, has been produced here with perfect success.

VARIETIES.

Cockle-Bread.—Last week we published a note to the effect that *cockle-bread* was the same with *cocklet-bread*, the latter being described as a second kind of best wheaten bread; but on examining into the subject somewhat closely, it does not appear to us that there is necessarily any connexion between the two terms. In fact, the quotations given by Mr. Dyce in *Peele's Works*, vol. i. p. 236, distinctly show the contrary; and we think Mr. Halliwell right in giving the two as separate words in his *Dictionary of Archaisms*. We are averse to conjecture in matters of philology; and it is unnecessary to observe, that mere similarity between words is not sufficient proof of their identity. We cannot discover a single quotation which tends to establish a connexion between *cockle-bread* and *cocklet-bread*. For all we know, they may be as distinct as muffins and crumpets.

The *Royal Society of Musicians* observed their 108th anniversary this week, which was well attended and liberally supported.

Faulshall Gardens, it is stated, will make another effort by opening on Whitmonday upon the plan of the last most unluckily unseasonable season.

The *West London Institution for the Cure and Relief of Persons afflicted with Consumption and Chest Diseases* had its annual fancy and dress ball by private subscription in aid of this meritorious Charity on Thursday evening in the Hanover Square Rooms. The increasing assemblage from year to year shows the growing estimation in which this institution is held. All the arrangements were highly creditable to the management.

The *Fifth Anniversary of the Birmingham Athenic Institute* went off with éclat on Tuesday, Lord John Manners, president, in the chair.

The late *T. Hood*.—1000*l.* have been funded for the family of our late friend, and 200*l.* more, of the subscription, will soon be similarly invested. The members of the committee, with Mr. David Salomons at their head, have also subscribed 10*l.* each for a monument to his memory in Kensal Green Cemetery.

Telegraphic Communication.—The British Government, by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and the French Government, by the Minister of the Interior, have granted permission to two gentlemen, the projectors of the sub-marine telegraph, to lay it down from coast to coast. The site selected is from Cape Grisez, or from Cape Blancenez, on the French side, to the South Foreland, on the English coast. The soundings between these headlands are gradual, varying from seven fathoms near the shore on either side, to a maximum of 37 fathoms in mid-channel. The Lords of the Admiralty have also granted permission to the same gentlemen to lay down a sub-marine telegraph between Dublin and Holyhead, which is to be carried on from the latter place to Liverpool and London. The materials

for the former are already undergoing the process of insulation, and are in that state of forwardness which will enable the projectors to have them completed and placed in position by about the first week in June. Upon the completion of this electric telegraph across the English Channel, it is stated that a similar one, on a most gigantic scale, will be attempted to be formed, under the immediate sanction and patronage of the French Administration, connecting the shores of Africa with those of Europe, and thus opening a direct and lightning-like communication between Marseilles and Algeria. It has been doubted by several scientific men whether this is practicable, and, indeed, whether even the project between the coasts of France and England can be accomplished; but it has been proved by experiments, the most satisfactory in their results, that not only can it be effected, but effected without any considerable difficulty.—*Globe*.

New South Wales.—A society projected under the title of the "Australian Society for the Improvement of Agriculture and Useful Arts" was a year ago in progress of formation in Sydney. The contemplated objects of the society are, the improvement of agriculture, as well as turning to account the mineral resources of Australia, the promotion of all those arts and branches of science which relate to native productions, and to collect from every quarter, and communicate to the Australian public in a cheap form, the best information whereby the agricultural produce, animal productions, minerals, ores, and fossils, may be raised to their highest value either for domestic purposes or for exportation.

Enigma.

*Primum tolle, vides quod granine ludit aperto,
Et præbet lautis dirivibusque dapes,
Caudam deme, patet quod sylvia foret ubique,
Et quod pauperibus comoda multa tulit.
Viscera tolle, manet quod nobis gloria constat,
Atque olim nostrum nomina culina dedit.
Totum pone, jacet vastâ quod mole recumbit,
Quod nisi tu solvas, stultus assellus eris.*
Trinity College, Cambridge. C. DE LA PRAYNE.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Gray's Elegy, illuminated in the Missal Style by Owen Jones, imp. 8vo, 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.* elegantly bound. — Walter, a Drama, with Minor Poems, by G. Warmington, 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.* — Comprehensive Atlas, imp. 8vo, 1*s.* — Outlines of Qualitative Analysis, by H. Will, with Preface by Baron Liebig, 8vo, 6*s.* — Nan Darrell, by Miss Pickering, fcp. 6*s.* — America: its Realities and Resources, by F. Wyse, 3 vols. 8vo, 2*s.* 2*s.* — Law of Fire and Life Insurance, by G. B. Beaumont, 2d edit. 8vo, 3*s.* — Bowyer's Memoranda of Difficult Subjects in Anatomy, Surgery, &c., 2d edit. 32mo, 3*s.* 6*d.* — Liebig's Physiology, supplied by J. Leeson, Part I. 8vo, 6*s.* — Naology; or, Treatise on the Origin, &c. of Sacred Structures, 8vo, 1*s.* — The Oath a Divine Ordinance, by D. X. Junhii, 12mo, 3*s.* (New York). — Dr. G. B. Cheever's Defence of Capital Punishments, post 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.* (New York). — The Myseries of Tobacco, by the Rev. B. J. Lane, 12mo, 3*s.* (New York). — Life in California, by an American, post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.* — Dr. Wolf's Mission to Bokhara, 3d edit. 1 vol. 8vo, 1*s.* — Walker's Analysis of Beauty, new edit. royal 8vo, 2*s.* — Guide to the Anglo-Saxon Tongue, by E. J. Vernon, 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.* — Hook's Church Dictionary, 5th edit. 13mo, 10*s.* — Hamilton's Cabinet of Music, Vol. I. fol. 1*s.* — Observations on the Book of Genesis and Exodus, with Sermons, by the late R. Forsyth, 12mo, 5*s.* — Complete Graziar, 8th edit., by Wm. Youatt, 8vo, 1*s.*

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.
[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1846.	h. m. s.	1846.	h. m. s.
April 18 . . .	11 59 19 6	April 23 . . .	11 58 27 6
19 . . .	59 59	24 . . .	58 15 7
20 . . .	58 52 7	25 . . .	58 4 3
21 . . .	58 39 9		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Inventor of Printing*.—We have not room for the discussion to prove that John Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, was born at Kutteneberg in Bohemia, and not at Mayence or Strasburg, as claimed by these cities. M. Wnarrick, curate of Kowan, the author, may be perfectly right in stating, as far as we can examine into the historical and critical authorities quoted, that he was born there in 1412, took the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Prague, Nov. 14th, 1445, and brought out his immortal invention in Mayence in 1450.

Enigma.—Page 336, col. i. line 3, for biographers, read biographies.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CURE of STAMMERING.—No. XII.

Featherstone Buildings, Holborn,
23d July, 1842.

DEAR SIR—I cannot allow my son to take his departure from you without expressing my sincere thanks for the effective cure you have performed on him, in two days of a distressing impediment in his speech, for which I had previously sought the assistance of two other gentlemen, who perfectly failed in their attempt, notwithstanding their assurance to me of success. I therefore feel doubly sensible of the efficacy of your method of treating the painful habit of stammering, and congratulate you heartily in having so speedily and effectually accomplished that which others professed and failed to perform. Any assistance by way of reference which it is in my power to afford you, I shall at all times be most happy to give, and I am sure my son, who must feel most grateful to you for the services you have bestowed on him, will be equally anxious to make known your ability to cure, by such natural means, the affliction of stammering.

I remain, dear Sir, with best wishes, yours faithfully,

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FISTULA INFIRMARY,

Charterhouse Square.
The TENTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of this Charity will be held at the Albion, Aldersgate Street, on MONDAY, April 27, 1846; The Right Hon. JOHN JOHNSON (Lord Mayor), President, in the Chair.

Fice-Presidents.

Digby, the Right Hon. Earl
Deuman, the Right Hon. Lord Chief
Gibbs, Michael, Esq., Ald.
Tindal, the Right Hon. Lord Chief
Justice
Patteson, the Hon. Sir J.
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Pirie, Sir John, Bart., Ald.
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Hoare, Henry, Esq., V.P.
Lebanon, John, Esq.
Mastersman, John, Esq., M.P., V.P.
Ogden, William Bernard, Esq.
Olive, Jeremiah, Esq.
Richardson, Henry J., Esq.
Salmon, Frederick, Esq.
Sprague, Daniel, Esq.
Williamson, James, Esq.
Dinner on Table at half-past Five o'Clock precisely. Tickets (One Guinea each) may be procured of any of the Stewards; or at the bar of the Albion Tavern.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

—The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectfully informed that an **EXTRA NIGHT** will take place on **THURSDAY NEXT**, April the 23d, 1846, when will be performed (for the first time) *Scenes*, Rossini's celebrated Opera, entitled *IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA*, Rossini, Madame Grisi; Bertha, Madame Bellini; Il Conte d'Almaviva, Sigr. Mario; Bartolo, Sigr. Lablache; Basilio, Sigr. F. Lablache; Figaro, Sigr. Fornassari.

In the course of the Evening, Selections from Donizetti's Opera, *LINDA DI CHAMOUNI*. In which Madame Castellan and Madlle. G. Brambilla will appear.

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Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Comedie.

Doors open at Seven; the Opera to commence at half-past Seven o'clock.

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